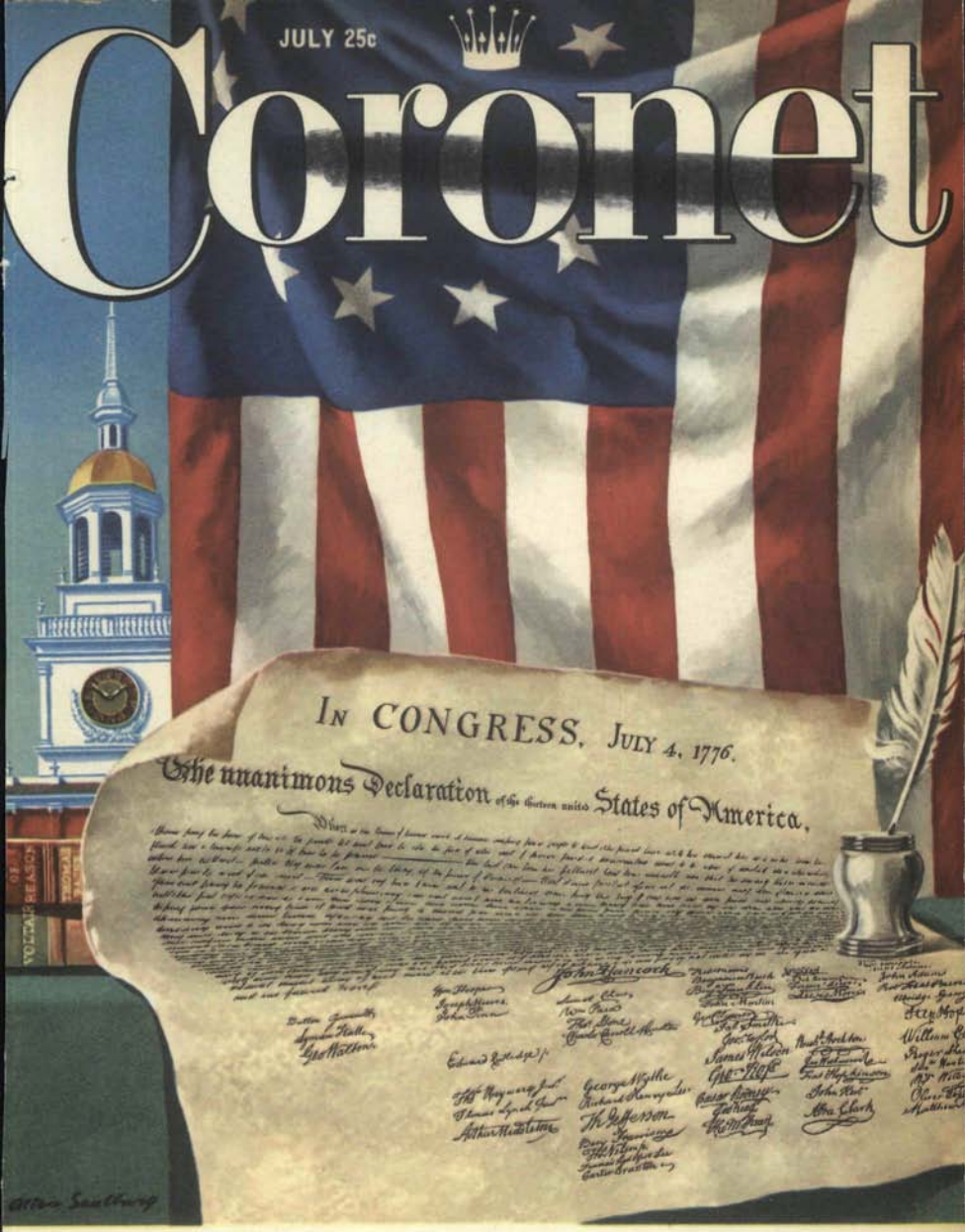
JULY 25c

Coronet



16-Page Illustrated Feature:

THE SHAKESPEARE MURDER MYSTERY

The Dangerous Years for Married Women

PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT LAW
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW! SOFT, GLOWING HAIR IN 20 SECONDS!

"Liven up" your hair with this new NON-OILY hairdressing

Condition dull or dry hair, make it soft and brilliant in seconds — without any greasiness! . . . There's *nothing* like new Helene Curtis SUAVE—with miraculous *greaseless* lanolin!

ADDS HEALTHY LOOKING GLOW

SUAVE sparkles hair, adds highlights, without oily look—thanks to amazing *greaseless* lanolin.

MAKES HAIR OBEY INSTANTLY

Tames wisps, stray ends. Perfect hairdos in a jiffy! Keeps hair in place so *softly*.

MAKES YOUR HAIR EXCITING TO TOUCH!

SUAVE hairdressing gives you soft, shimmering, *perfectly* groomed hair. Get Helene Curtis SUAVE today!

HELENE CURTIS

Suave*

HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

59¢ and $1 (plus tax)

New! With amazing greaseless lanolin

*TRADEMARK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Thousands of Physicians and Dentists Recommend

STRONGER Yet SAFER

ANACIN®

to relieve

PAIN

Won't upset your stomach!

HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES have established beyond a shadow of a doubt that the *combination* of potent pain relievers in Anacin acts smoother and more efficiently than any single drug.

Anacin not only gives stronger, faster, but also *safer* relief from pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia, rheumatism, arthritis and normal periodic pains. Anacin Tablets won't upset the stomach. They contain no narcotics or habit forming ingredients.

You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven active ingredients. Scientific research has proved no single drug can give you such strong, yet such safe relief as the combination of powerful pain relievers in Anacin Tablets.

You can depend on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Millions of fun-loving Americans like you get there safely with NoDoz Awakeners

You'll have more fun when you arrive . . . wide awake. Millions of busy Americans like you have discovered that NoDoz Awakeners at work or play . . . provide a natural pick-up...a lift without a letdown.

WHY TAKE A CHANCE

"Highway Hypnosis" creeps up fast when you spend hours behind the wheel. Take a NoDoz Awakener before fatigue takes over. Snap back to your normal alert self in a hurry.

The only active ingredient in a NoDoz Awakener is caffeine...the same amount as you get in a cup of black coffee.

YOUR DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU

Take a NoDoz Awakener whenever fatigue may be a handicap or a danger. NoDoz Awakeners will help you keep alert safely . . . on the road . . . on the job . . . or at play. Non-habit forming.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Publisher:
GORDON CARROLL

Editor:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Senior Editors:
GEROLD FRANK
BERNARD L. GLASER
BEN NELSON
LEONARD W. ROBINSON

Associate Editors:
ANNE FROMER
JIM GUERRIER
MARK S. NICHOLS

Editorial Associates:
PHILIP DOYLE
GLORIA FRIEDLAND
PATRICIA GATELY
HANNAH RABINOWITZ

Art Editor:
AUGUSTINO PENNETTO

Art Associate:
WILLIAM A. CONNELL

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Advertising Manager:
PAUL P. JONES

John Smart, President: A. L. Blinder, Executive Vice-Pres.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Jack Abraham, Vice-Pres. for Films; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Lester Petchaft, Treas.; A. D. Elden, Sec.; Edgar G. Richards, Vice-Pres. General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial, Advertising & Production offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.
Copyright 1955 by Esquire, Inc. Copyrighted under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited.
Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, thirty days before change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. When writing in, please enclose your mailing label which gives all necessary information.

Contents for July 1955

VOL. 38, No. 3, WHOLE No. 224

Drop That Name! ... PARKE CUMMINGS 27
Rodeo of Champions ... JOHN BAKER 30
Take Your Pulse and Grow Thin! ... LAURA KERR 36
Mammal Man ... JACK DENTON SCOTT 40
Never Swim Alone! ... OREN ARNOLD 44
Cagliostro: Prince of Swindlers ... EMERY DERI 46
12 Ways to Fall Asleep ... LESTER DAVID 59
The Horse Nobody Rides ... BURGESS H. SCOTT 63
A Message to America ... SYNGMAN RHEE 64
My Rules for Golf ... BOB HOPE 67
"We Know Your Voice . . ." ... BUD GREENSPAN 71
How Masculine or Feminine Are You? ... R. B. AMBER 73
Washington's National Cathedral ... SCOTT HART 78
The Dangerous Years for Married Women ... ANNE FROMER 103
A Medal for Freddie ... ROSALIND RUSSELL 108
"From Contented Cows" ... T. E. MURPHY 111
Root Out Your Resentments! ... J. CAMPBELL BRUCE 116
The Dream and the Glory ... RUDY VALLEE 119
The Boy Who Will Be King ... GRAHAM FISHER 120
Garden of Fragrance ... SID FRIGAND 135
Children Need Spanking! ... THOMAS CONWAY 138
The Accountant: America's Business Booster ... GERHARDT M. HOFF 142
Fraternity of the Saved ... TRIS COFFIN 145
"No Prison Cell Can Hold Me" ... WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM 149
The Wreck of the H-3 ... JOHN WESLEY NOBLE 155

Young Men of Hollywood ... HEDDA HOPPER 51
The Shakespeare Murder Mystery ... SPECIAL FEATURE 83
These Things He Saw ... PICTURE STORY 127

The Month's Best ... MOVIES 4
The Wide Open Spaces ... TRAVEL 6
For Patients Only ... HOMEMAKING 8
The Hang of It ... HOME MAINTENANCE 10
Coronet Family Shopper ... NEW PRODUCTS 14
Ladder Sense ... SAFETY 24

Grin and Share It ... 20
Featuring Triplets ... A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 35
Subtle Psychology ... 39
Human Comedy ... 76

Our Heritage ... ALLEN SAALBURG

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MONTH'S BEST...

"LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME," MGM's story of singer Ruth Etting, breaks with traditions in musical biographies to present a powerful drama of an ambition which knew no conscience—until Fate presented a stiff I.O.U. Doris Day plays the aspiring songstress with quiet competence, but James Cagney steals the spotlight with a three-dimensional portrait of "The Gimp," a man whose love recognized no rivals. Tracing Miss Etting's rise from Chicago bumps-dancer (*right*) to Hollywood star, "Love Me or Leave Me," in CinemaScope and Eastman Color, effectively captures the flavor of the turbulent '20s.

After the applause, a singer must often face difficult decisions backstage. Doris Day listens thoughtfully while Manager James Cagney outlines the next step for her.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

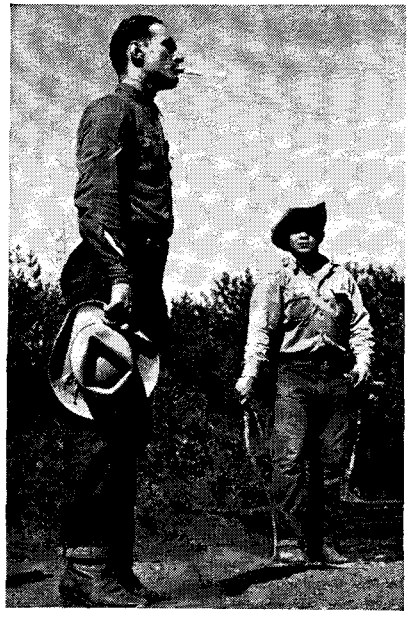
Keep him
rash-free

Keep him happy with
Lanolin-rich, oil-rich

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

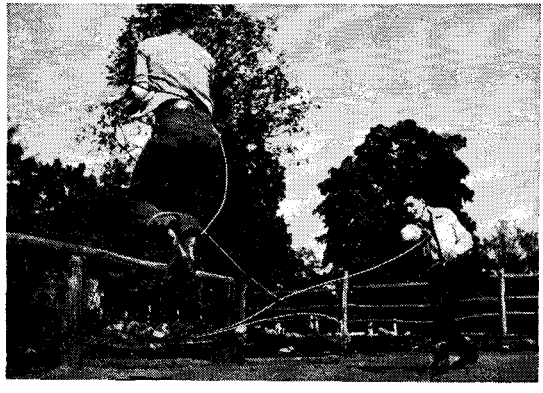
TRAVEL

The Wide Open Spaces



DUDE RANCHES—often a sideline of cattlemen—provide city folk with an informal slice of cowboy life in natural settings. Rough-and-ready recreation ranges from horseback riding and square dancing (*left*) to old wrangling tricks like cutting paper from your partner's mouth with a bullwhip (*above*).

ALTHOUGH most dude ranches ramble through Western landscapes like Wyoming, Colorado and Montana, many exist in the East. Outdoor play—pack trips, fishing, hunting, swimming, chuck-wagon meals and moonlight rides—is featured around the clock, along with stunts like learning to lasso the legs of a dancing man (*right*).

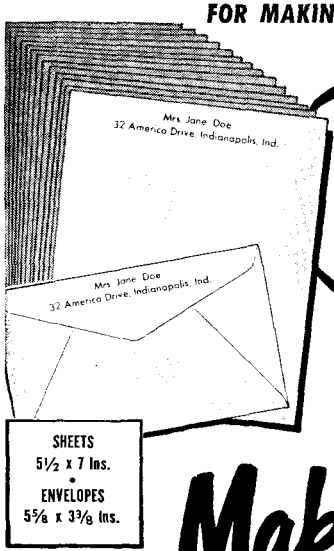


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE

40 SHEETS 20 ENVELOPES

FOR MAKING THE SIMPLE LITTLE TEST DESCRIBED BELOW



Personalized Stationery

IMPRINTED WITH YOUR NAME and ADDRESS

THIS OFFER MADE TO DEMONSTRATE WHY OTHER FOLKS FIND IT SO EASY TO

Make Good Money

in Spare Time—Without Experience!

THE COUPON will bring you this packet of lovely Personalized Stationery. It is *free*—whether or not you do anything about the Doehla "Extra Money" Plan.

We'll also send you sample assortments of Doehla Christmas and All-Year-'Round Greeting Cards, *on approval.* Just SHOW them to your friends. The cards are so unusual and such wonderful bargains that no "selling" is needed. Yet, if your friends don't snap them up and ask for more—return them without cost or obligation. The Personalized Stationery is yours to keep as a free gift.

We want to demonstrate to you how easily thousands of people are making good money. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. Our free book shows how anyone, young or old, can make money quickly this easy way.

One of These Nation-Wide Associates Will Give You Prompt Service in Your Area:

Boulevard Art Publishers
Chicago 4, Ill.
Iva E. Brundage & Sons
Detroit 4, Mich.
Capitol Card Co., Inc.
New Orleans 12, La.
Columbia Card Co., Ltd.
Dallas, Texas
Harry Doehla Co.
Nashua, N. H. & Palo Alto, Cal.
Greetings Unlimited
St. Paul & Minneapolis, Minn.
Hye-Quality Card Co., Inc.
Kansas City 6, Mo.
Imperial Greeting Card Co.
Los Angeles 13, Cal.
Midwest Card Co.
St. Louis 1, Mo.
Western States Card Co.
Denver 4, Colo.

If this little test works out as well for you as it has for thousands of others it will prove a simple way to make that extra money for which you now have so many good uses. Just mail coupon below—at once, because offer may never be repeated.

HARRY DOEHLA and ASSOCIATES, Studio C-427,

(Address any one of these three offices.) { **NASHUA, N. H.** / **ST. LOUIS 1, MO.** / **PALO ALTO, CAL.**

Send Personalized Stationery, imprinted with my name and address. Also send "Extra Money" Plan and samples of Doehla Christmas and All-Year-'Round assortments on approval. The Personalized Stationery is mine to keep free. I will return the assortments (without cost or obligation) UNLESS I find that merely showing them to other folks can provide me with an easy way to make extra money.

Name.....
(Please **PRINT** Your Name and Address **VERY** Clearly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

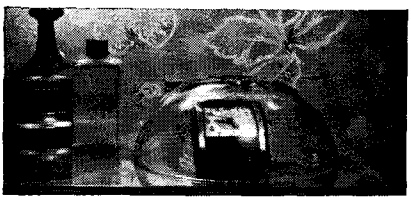
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Patients Only

Simple hints for making *the sick more comfortable*

Bed-ridden patients can eat and write in comfort on this homemade cardboard bed tray. Make it by removing the bottom and two sides of a delivery carton.

Slamming doors won't annoy the patient if you hook a piece of cloth over the two knobs so it covers the door catch.



Place his clock beneath a glass bowl so the patient can tell time for himself and not be disturbed by loud ticking.

If you need a hot water bottle and one isn't available, substitute ordinary table salt heated in a frying pan and poured into an old sock or stocking.

Posed by TV actress Skippy Kolby

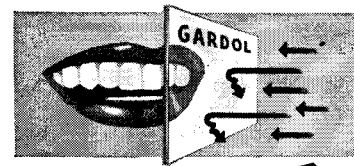
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVEN IF YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH ONLY ONCE A DAY

Colgate Dental Cream Gives the Surest Protection All Day Long!

Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate's—Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains Gardol* *To Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer—Stop Bad Breath Instantly!*

ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH! But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!

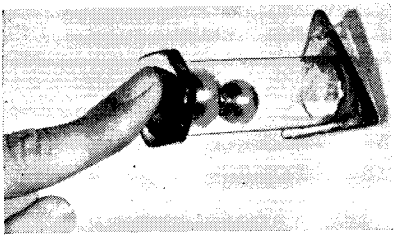


*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

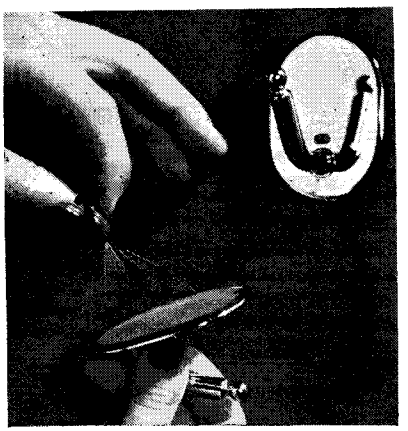
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

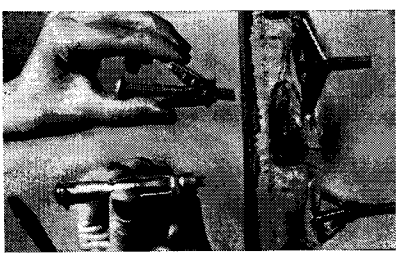
THE HANG OF IT

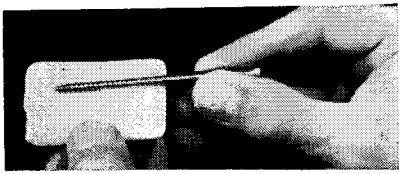


To hang bookcases, use large screws driven into wood stud behind wall. Wall dowser (above) will locate stud.

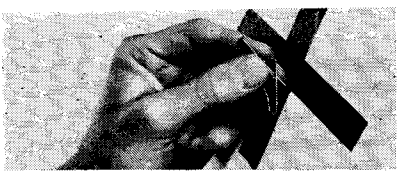


Adhesive backed hooks (above) hold coats. Simply moisten pad in back with special capsule and then press to wall. Below, for hanging objects on plaster wall, use toggle bolts or molly bolts which slip through drilled hole in wall.





Rub threads of screw across bar of soft soap before driving it into stud in wall, which is usually well-seasoned wood.



To prevent chipping plaster with picture nails, press adhesive tape in X on wall and drive nail through intersection.

To fasten objects with a flat base on wall, apply rubber base cement to back. Press to wall and brace until glue sets.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NON-FATTENING LIQUID SWEETENER

SWEETA

One or two drops make iced tea or coffee delicious. Handy, squeeze-a-drop plastic bottle holds the sweetness of 432 lumps of sugar!

Look for this

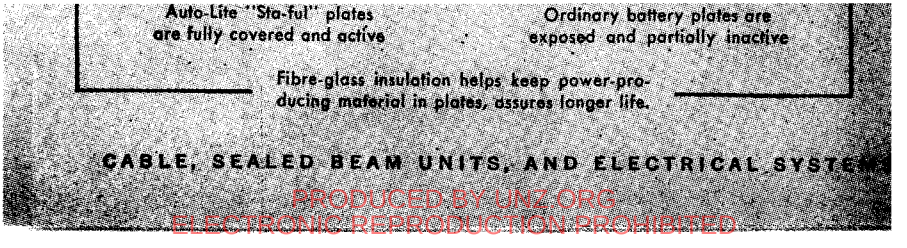
SQUIBB

product at your drugstore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MANUFACTURERS OF BATTERIES, SPARK PLUGS, WIRE AND

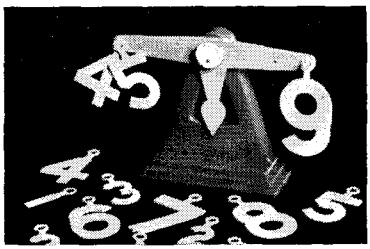
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Auto-Lite "Sta-ful" plates are fully covered and active
Ordinary battery plates are exposed and partially inactive
Fibre-glass insulation helps keep power-producing material in plates, assures longer life.
CABLE, SEALED BEAM UNITS, AND ELECTRICAL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UMZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

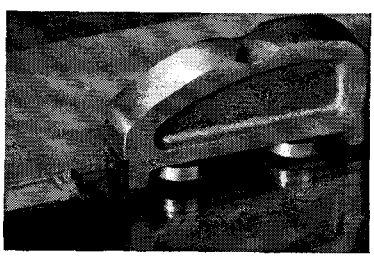
NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper

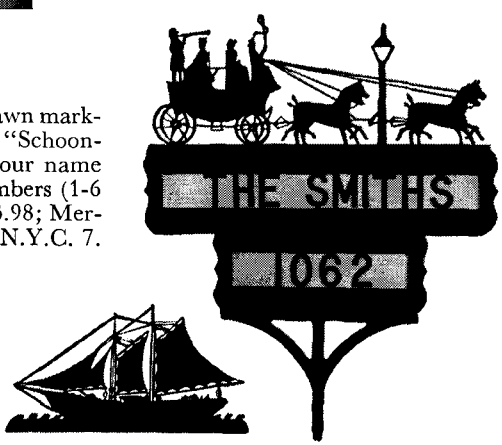


ARITHMETIC IS A GAME when children learn to add and count with this ingenious play scale. Add-A-Count is unbreakable, provides hours of educational entertainment. $1.25; Marwin Co., Dept. C-1, 7736 N. Marshfield Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois.

HANDY WAY to restore original luster of silver, brass, copper, chrome. Long-lasting Gleamit mittens are polish-impregnated, leave no fingerprints or residue, protect the hands. $1.69 per pair; Lord George, Ltd., Department C, 1270 Broadway, N.Y.C. 1.



KWIK SCRAPE, a metal scraper with sharp blade and rollers, takes paint off windows cleanly, safely. Leaves paint seal between glass and sash to keep pane tight, protect wood. $1; Leyton Enterprises, Dept. HX, Box 17234, Foy Sta., Los Angeles 17, Calif.



WEATHER RESISTANT 15″ x 20″ lawn marker comes in "Coach & Four" or "Schooner" model on 14″ steel stake. Your name (up to 12 letters) and house numbers (1-6 numerals) show on both sides. $3.98; Merrill Ann, 106-C Warren St., N.Y.C. 7.

(Continued on page 16)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

$35.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 50 boxes of our 300 Christmas card line. And this can be done in a single day. Free samples. Other leading boxes on approval. Mail coupon below today.

It costs you nothing to try.

Last year some folks made $250—$500—$1,000 and more this very way. Church groups and organizations can do this, too. No experience necessary.

Feature Deluxe 21 stunning assorted Christmas cards of every type, color and taste

Christmas Assortment Luxurious parchment paper used throughout. Outstanding cards in lovely designs

Slim Card Christmas Assortment Latest rage! Distinction, smart new, slim styling — beautiful!

Christmas Gift Wrap Ensemble 20 large deluxe sheets all 20"x30"—gay Christmas colors with matching seals and tags

Tall Card Christmas Fun Box An amazing assortment of pop-outs, clever designs in the new slim style — terrific!

Bible Text Christmas Assortment 21 inspiring religious cards with Bible verses

Christmas Book Animated toy, story and paint book in full color. Includes jet glider plane, magnet and other real toys

Everyday Box 21 beautiful assorted cards for every occasion

Humorous Everyday Assortment Fun for all. A laugh in every card — fascinating!

Tall Card All Occasion An assortment of radiant beauty in the fashionable, new slim design

Everyday Gift Wrap Ensemble 20 large sheets all 20"x30" in bright colors. Matching seals and tags

Cheery Informals Captions in bright pink & blue — chic!

Blossom Time Stationery and Notes Fine white paper, decorated in dainty pink and gold—scalloped edges

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money If Not As Advertised Therein

FREE SAMPLES PERSONALIZED CHRISTMAS CARDS and STATIONERY

Tall Lustre Christmas Box An assortment of natural color, glossy photo cards in the new look — different!

Velvet Angels Christmas Assortment Heart-warming cards featuring the cutest little angels ever seen

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. 156, White Plains, New York

Mail This Coupon Today

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
Dept. 156, White Plains, New York

Please rush samples and full details of your easy money-making plan.

Name _____

Address _____

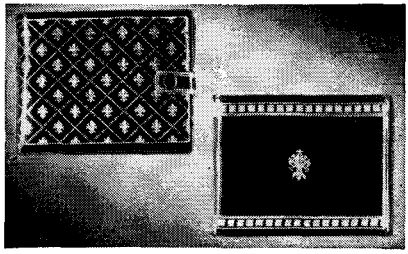
City _____ State _____

If writing for an organization, give its name _____

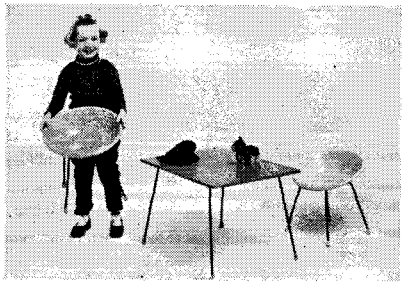
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW PRODUCTS

Coronet's Family Shopper



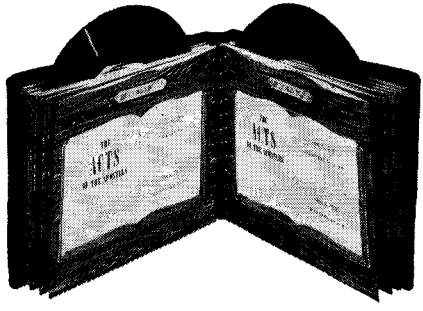
DIRECT FROM ITALY, leather wallets are hand-tooled in 22K gold. Ladies' (left) has snap-lid change purse, comes in red, blue, green; $2.49. Men's, brown only, $1.98. 6-wk. delivery. Tesori d'Italia, 1261 Broadway, Dept. CO, N.Y.C. 1.



FUN-ITURE is expressly designed for the active child. Red, green or white high-impact plastic with lightweight black iron legs. Table $5.98, chair $4.98. Write Fun-iture, 450 Lincoln St., Denver 9, Col., for location of your dealer.

PRESS THE PLUNGER and Spoonomat whirls. Instantly blends drinks, gravies, salad dressings, formulas; beats eggs, whips cream. Solid stainless, $2.95. Viceroy's, Dept. C, 256 Woodcliff Rd., Newton Highlands, Mass.

TALKING BIBLE. The complete King James version of the New Testament narrated on 24 unbreakable records. For 33⅓ rpm player. Album is indexed. $22.95; Downs & Co., 816-C University Pl., Evanston, Ill.



Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...*any time of the month*

Dive right in. Splash around to your heart's content. You can go swimming—*even on "those days"*—when you're wearing Tampax.

Remember!—Tampax was invented by a doctor! He realized that if "time-of-the-month" was handled by *internal absorption*, women could indulge in normal activities without any of the chafing, irritation and other discomforts associated with external pads. So far as swimming is concerned, Tampax is not only invisible when properly inserted . . . it doesn't absorb any water! Users even wear Tampax in their bathtubs with complete security and comfort.

However, if you spend the Summer in a hammock, Tampax would still be a blessing. It prevents odor from forming by preventing exposure to the air. It's easy to dispose of, even with the unruly plumbing that sometimes exists at vacation resorts. (Both the Tampax and the applicator flush away.) And it's by far the daintiest, nicest kind of protection . . . why, your hands needn't even touch the Tampax during insertion or removal.

Make *this* the Summer you'll enjoy from first to last. Get your supply of Tampax at any drug or notion counter. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, and Junior. Month's supply goes into purse; economy size gives more than an average Summer's supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Way to Reduce

BY LOIS CRISTY

Women who are reducing can now speed up their results an unusual new way.

This new method removes excess fat with a diet planned by a physician.

This new diet permits eating of almost all the usual food. Dangerous drugs are not used.

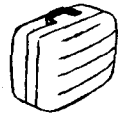
Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

Reducing results are greatly increased by combining the diet with use of a small, inexpensive device that tightens muscles. This tightening, during weight loss, gives phenomenal results.

The small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercises" without making the user tired. No effort is required of the user; she simply places small circular pads over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen and other parts of her body, turns a dial—and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests.

The tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused when weight is lost.

A "Facial" attachment exercises muscles beneath eyes; a special "Vest" exercises back muscles and the chest muscles that lie beneath the breasts.



The small exerciser looks very much like a miniature suitcase; measures 11" x 9" x 6" and weighs less than 9 pounds.

This new method of reducing requires only about 30 minutes daily use of the machine—and this is done while the user rests; she may even sleep during her reducing treatment. The machine itself reduces inches, not pounds; the diet removes the weight.

Usually, after the first month of daily use, even less time is required; often as little as once a week.

The device is completely safe and because of the lack of effort the user gets the full benefits of active exercise—without any feeling of tiredness. Yet, the results are, in every way, as beneficial for reducing as the usual prescribed "exercises."

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment in the home by expertly trained women representatives.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted "test cases" on hundreds of women. Their reports indicate the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from thighs in three months." A Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26"." She says that she did not use the diet. Mrs. Marie Rizzi of the same city reports a loss of 5 inches from her hips. Mary A. Moriarty, of New Bedford, in one month lost 3 inches around her waist and hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18. Perhaps the most unusual results were enjoyed by Martha Adams and her sister-in-law, Maxine Frankland of Chicago. Each used the machine for a total of 3 hours. One reports 4" off abdomen and 3" off hips; the other 2½" from abdomen and 3" from hips. The makers of the little machine are quick to add that such results are not to be expected by everyone. Mrs. E. D. Serdahl (a "test case") used the machine for from 4 to 8 hours a day for 9 consecutive days. These 48 hours resulted in the following reductions: Waist 2"; Hips 3"; Upper Abdomen 1"; Upper Thigh 2"; Knee 1½"; Calf 1". She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue . . . In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine . . . whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" said "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" published 2 full pages about it. Other magazines giving it favorable mention were: Harper's Bazaar, Charm and Esquire.

Has Many Uses

The device not only aids in the new "speed-up" reducing method; it also has uses for the entire family. Husbands will, of course, use it to trim down their middle —and use to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a "day at the office." Son, if he's in high school, will use it to exercise his sore baseball throwing arm. Big sister will find it helpful in exercising her chest muscles. Even grandmother and that venerable old-timer, grandfather, will use it to exercise back, leg and feet muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you either write or TELEPHONE Relax-A-cizor, Dept. CT-5: NEW YORK, MUrray Hill 8-4690, Suite 900, 665 Fifth Ave.; CHICAGO, STate 2-5680, Suite 1200, Stevens Bldg., 17 North State St.; DETROIT, WOodward 3-3311, 644 Michigan Bldg.; LOS ANGELES, OLeander 5-8000, 915 N. La Cienega; BOSTON, KEnmore 6-3030, 420 Boylston; PHILADELPHIA, LOcust 4-2566, 100 South Broad St.; CLEVELAND, PRospect 1-2292, 1118 Euclid Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, SUtter 1-2682, 420 Sutter St.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GRIN AND SHARE IT

THE CHINESE COMMUNIST delegation to an international conference was discussing the British feat of climbing Mt. Everest. The British flag was planted there, one of the Chinese asserted, in brazen disrespect of national sovereignty. Turning to a British representative, the Red sneered, "Wasn't it just one of your typical land grabs?"

"I'm not qualified to give an official opinion," the Englishman replied politely, "but if you chaps don't like the flag flying up there, why don't you climb up and pull it down?" —*Ties*, The Southern Railway System Magazine

A LEGEND AT THE Military Academy at West Point concerns a one-time commandant who was in the habit of showing guests a room in the basement of his house, equipped with the iron bed and simple furnishings of a cadet's room in the Academy. "I prefer to sleep here," the commandant always explained to his guests, by way of impressing them with his simplicity and Spartan manner of living.

One day his housekeeper reported that a commemorative gold plate was missing from the house. The commandant wrote to all his visitors, diplomatically asking for the return of the plate. An anonymous note arrived a few days later: "If you'll turn down the sheet on the bed of the typical cadet's room in which you prefer to live, you'll find the gold plate I put there."

—GEORGE MCMANUS, *Fun for All* (World Publishing Co.)

"WHAT DID YOU LEARN at the school?" the prospective boss asked the pretty young applicant for the stenographer's job.

"I learned," she replied, "that spelling is essential to a stenographer."

The boss chuckled. "Good. Now let me hear you spell 'essential.' "

The girl hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"There are three ways," she replied. "Which do you prefer?"

—*Arkansas Baptist*

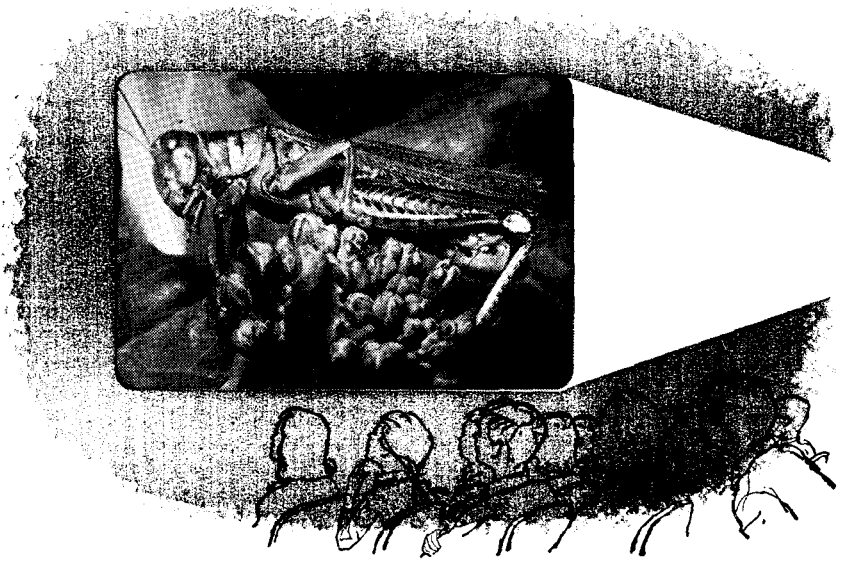
A TRUCK DRIVER, hauling clay for a fill, backed up too far over the dump grade and the weight of the load lifted the front of the truck several feet off the ground.

"Now what are you going to do?" someone asked him.

The driver eased out of the cab and looked things over. "Well," he said, "maybe I'll grease it—I'll never get a better chance." —*Service Magazine*

(Continued on page 22)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



your school should own Coronet films!

With the help of educational films, teachers are maintaining high instructional standards even in today's overcrowded and understaffed schools.

As a result, more and more schools are acquiring their own permanent libraries of Coronet films—available for immediate use as needed, as near at hand as a textbook or a set of maps. For introducing a new topic, for vivid presentation of a subject, for review after discussion, Coronet films in brilliant color or black-and-white are unequalled in teaching effectiveness.

The cost of these films is surprisingly low—so low that your school can start a permanent library for as little as $1 a month per reel—less than the cost of rental fees! Yes, your school *should* own educational films. And the finest in educational films are produced by Coronet. Find out if your school has its own library of films. For complete details on how to start one, write to:

Coronet Films Dept. C-755 Coronet Building Chicago 1, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DURING WORLD WAR II, a group of American pilots were assigned quarters in an old mansion which had been a school for British young ladies in peacetime. After the men had gone to their rooms the first night, bells suddenly started ringing all over the place.

The officer in charge hurried upstairs to investigate. Inside the door of each room he found the explanation—a neatly lettered placard tacked above a push button. It read: "Ring for the Mistress." —MARY ALKUS

A YOUNG MACHINIST moved to the country for his health and got a job with the blacksmith in a small town. One day when the smith was out, a farmer came in, looked the ex-city boy over and asked, "Can you shoe a horse?"

The young fellow allowed he could; so the farmer left his horse and did some errands around town.

"What's the idea?" he demanded in amazement when he returned. "The job of shoeing is all right, but why is my horse on his back, with all four feet straight up in the air?"

"Search me," answered the machinist. "He's been that way ever since I took him out of the vise."

—Investment Dealer's Digest

A BASEBALL SCOUT was sent to look over a promising mountain kid and found him knocking squirrels off trees with deadly lefthand pitches, every stone bouncing off a squirrel's head. The scout's eyes opened wide. For five minutes, he watched the boy's phenomenal performance with amazement.

"You're the first southpaw I've ever seen with real control, son," he said finally. "How would you like a tryout with a big league team?"

"Golly, mister," replied the mountain boy, "I'm no southpaw. My paw makes me pitch left because when I pitch right, the other team never gets a chance to do any hittin'." *—Victorian*

TWO WEALTHY young New York women were strolling through Central Park.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed one. "What a *love* of a baby in that carriage!"

"Isn't it, though?" said the other, and they walked over to it.

"Good gracious," cried the first. "What a strange coincidence—it's *my* baby!"

Surprised, her friend asked, "Are you sure?"

"Positive, darling. I recognize the nurse." —FRANCES ROUMAN

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER, boasting to a Texas infantryman about his company's smart drilling, said, "Why, when we present arms, all you can hear, clear down the line, is slap, slap, click."

"Well, our boys are all from Texas, and, when we present arms, you hear slap, slap, click, jingle," the Texan came back.

The Englishman looked puzzled. "And what is the jingle?"

"Son," the Texan drawled, "those are our medals." *—Capper's Weekly*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She never slept in a bed!

This is Maria, aged 8. She lives in Kalavryta, the "Lidice" of Greece. Her father was killed by the rebels. Her mother wanders the countryside, weak in mind after years of suffering. Home is a cave dug out of a cliff. Bed is the earthen floor on which dirty rags are spread at night. Food is an occasional bowl of soup, a few greens or a piece of bread begged from a poor neighbor. Maria's is the lost generation, lost from the want of love of fellow creatures and even the simple needs of food and shelter. How can she grow up . . . who will help her?

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your" child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent, government-approved relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Western Germany and Korea and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Foster Parents' Plan For War Children, Inc.

43 W. 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Partial List of Sponsors and Foster Parents

Arturo Toscanini, Mary Pickford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Jean Tennyson, Helen Hayes, Dr. Howard A. Rusk, Edward R. Murrow, Bing Crosby, Mrs. Gardner Cowles, K. C. Gifford, Gov. and Mrs. Walter Kohler, Charles R. Hook.

Founded 1937

©1955 FPP for WC Inc.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, INC. C-7-55

43 W. 61st St., New York 23, N. Y. In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a War Child for one year. If possible, sex.....
I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $.

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name .....

Address .....

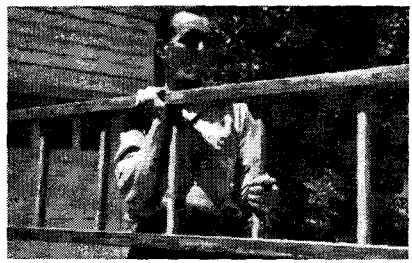
City..... Zone..... State.....

Date.....*Contributions are deductible from Income Tax*

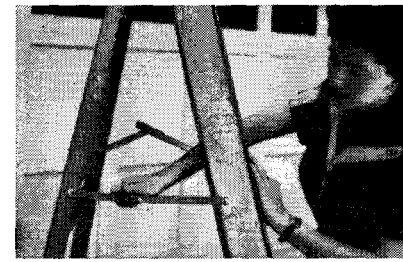
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAFETY

Ladder Sense

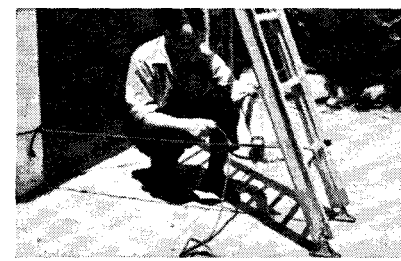


Support a ladder on your shoulder at the center of balance when carrying, using one arm for steadying it and the other to maneuver around obstacles.

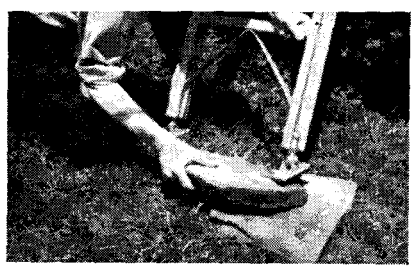


Before mounting a step-ladder, open it fully so that the braces lock tightly into place. Women should wear only low-heeled shoes for ladder climbing.

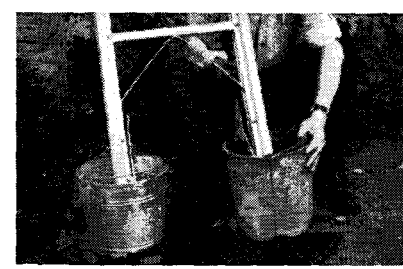
For leaning a straight ladder, distance from the wall should be one-fourth the length of the ladder. Careful measuring makes the ladder safer to use.



The Institute for Safer Living suggests tying a line to the foot of your ladder, and anchoring it into position for greater safety and confidence.



If you have to set up your ladder on uneven ground, balance it with a large block or stone—one that can't be tipped over easily—under the low leg.



To prevent the ladder from sinking or shifting in soft ground, place the bottom legs in old paint cans or buckets, or support and chock on a long plank.

Posed by Peg Lynch and Alan Bunce, stars of CBS-TV's *Ethel & Albert.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vacation Bound?

Let Long Distance add pleasure and peace of mind to your whole trip.

Telephone ahead to make reservations. Telephone to be sure of seeing friends along the way.

And call home to keep in touch.... It's easy to do. And it costs so little.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Detroit to Niagara Falls, N.Y.	**60¢**
Cincinnati to Washington, D.C.	**85¢**
Denver to Laguna Beach, Cal.	**$1.30**
New York to Miami	**$1.45**
St. Louis to Grand Canyon, Ariz.	**$1.50**

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

CALL BY NUMBER. IT'S TWICE AS FAST.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Facts about cigarette smoking

It would take many a volume to hold all that has been written on this subject. The flow has been endless because the subject seems to be endlessly interesting to people. But out of all this conjecture and opinion several *facts* clearly emerge. *Facts* . . . not suppositions. *Facts* . . . not theories.

1. For centuries fine tobacco has given solace and pleasure and relaxation to man. Some inner need, especially in times of tension and turmoil, seeks such comfort. And tobacco offers it unstintingly . . . to all men at all times in all places.

2. Modern man, by a big majority, prefers to smoke his tobaccos in a cigarette. And now a notable improvement has been made in the cigarette itself—an improvement which has influenced smokers by the millions. *The filtered cigarette.*

3. Pioneer in filtered cigarettes was Viceroy. Over twenty-one years of research went into the development of its exclusive filter tip . . . a tip now containing 20,000 tiny filter traps to filter the smoke over and over again for maximum filtration . . . an easy-drawing tip that lets the full, rich taste of Viceroy's fine tobaccos come through to you in every puff.

4. To filtered smoking, Viceroy brings pleasures never before found in a cigarette. A *flavor* much better than cigarettes without filters. The *satisfaction* of filtered smoke at its best! And for only a penny or two more than unfiltered brands.

Small wonder Viceroy has become the largest-selling filter tip cigarette in the world!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DROP THAT NAME!

by PARKE CUMMINGS

NAME-DROPPING is not the worst of all possible human traits, but it is among the more obnoxious. A name-dropper, of course, is a person who keeps mentioning the names of famous people to convey the impression he is on intimate terms with them. There are numerous types and varieties.

When the subject of entertainers comes up, for instance, your first-name dropper will remark—always in a voice that will carry across an entire room: "I was chatting with Sid the other day."

You either ask, "Sid who?" or take a guess at Sid Caesar, in which case he nods. If you ask how he happens to know Mr. Caesar he quickly veers to some other subject. (He probably once got close enough to ask for Caesar's autograph.)

I know one first-name dropper who specializes in famous pairs, and speaks airily of knowing "Bud and Lou" (Bud Abbott and Lou Costello) and "Dick and Oscar" (Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein).

Then there is the type who picks out an extremely common first name and airs it before several people.

"Bob," he remarks, "once told me what he did for a cold."

"Bob Jones?" I ask.

"Bob Feller?" someone else inquires.

"Bob Hope?" demands a third.

Our name-dropper smugly shakes his head. "Bob Taft," he says, mentally adding a point to his score.

This is bad enough, but what follows is worse. "However," he adds, "it just so happens that I also know Jones and Feller and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hope." (Jones once had to shush him when he was putting, Feller gave him the correct time, and Hope borrowed a match from him.)

An even more loathsome breed is the fellow who makes up nicknames for celebrities—nicknames no one else calls them by. He speaks of Hemingway not as "Ernest" but "Ernie," of Judith Anderson as "Judie." In fact, I wouldn't put it past him to refer to Arturo Toscanini as "Art." This requires a lot of nerve, I realize, but this fellow has plenty to spare.

Occasionally you run into a species who is just plain ordinary mean. Recently I encountered such a one who told of having chatted with "Benny."

I asked (fool that I am): "Benny Goodman?"

He looked at me in astonishment. "Jack Benny," he said. "Who else?"

Well, if that's his idea of fun, I guess he's entitled to it.

Most name-droppers have one trait in common. It's usually difficult to check up on whether they're really palsy with the celebrities whose names they so debonairely toss off, and sometimes you have to give them the benefit of the doubt, much as you hate to. A few play it absolutely safe by referring only to deceased persons.

For sheer unmitigated gall, I hand the palm to the type who goes on after he's been found out, like an acquaintance of mine (not a friend), named Richard Smythe. A while ago he spoke of having talked with Jim Lawton.

The name didn't click with me. "Who?" I asked.

"Why you know," he replied, apparently puzzled at my ignorance, "Jim Lawton, president of the bank."

Personally, I had always thought of this august old gentleman—easily our town's most distinguished citizen—as James Appleton Lawton.

It so happened that soon afterwards I was at a gathering which included both Smythe and Lawton. I observed the two in conversation and joined them just in time to hear Smythe say, "I agree with you one hundred per cent, Mr. Lawton."

When I saw Smythe several days later he started right away gassing about his friendship with "Jim" Lawton.

Why, you may ask, would Smythe try to keep up the pretense? The answer is that he's so far advanced in the habit he's no longer capable of figuring things out logically. It's a disease with him, like acute alcoholism; he just can't help himself.

An experienced name-dropper exhibits various degrees of caginess in bringing up a name. Sometimes this can be pretty crude. Driving with another acquaintance of mine a while ago I suggested uneasily, "You'd better take it easy on these curves."

"Speaking of curves," he replied, quick as a flash, "did I tell you what Gina Lollobrigida said to me the other day?"

Women are particularly adept at the opposite, or labyrinth technique, that leads you on and on. Instance this conversation that took place at a recent party.

I: Can I get you another drink?

MISS WILSON: I'd love one. But don't put any olives in it.

I (puzzled): But you were just having a highball, not a Martini.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISS WILSON: It's just that I can't stand green olives. Isn't that queer?

I (more puzzled): Why? Some people can't, you know.

MISS WILSON: Because I simply adore olive oil.

I: It's good for you, I guess. Lots of nourishment.

MISS WILSON: In fact I'd rather eat a good salad—a really great salad made by an expert—than just about anything in the world.

I (going along for the ride): Pretty fair salad-eater myself.

MISS WILSON: Well, if you want the best salad you ever put in your mouth, go to the Cordon Rouge.

I (still going along): Good, eh?

MISS WILSON: Good! It's divine! I was there the other evening, with a small party of friends, and as soon as Perry took one bite of it he—

I (too late to get off now): Perry—?

MISS WILSON: Perry Como, and he said—

People who use the labyrinth technique get to be past masters at starting with any given subject and ending up with any given celebrity through the use of associative reasoning. Mention cheese, and their pattern might go: cheese—mice—traps—sand traps—Ben Hogan.

Yes, for every famous name there are a hundred name-droppers, each with his own particular brand of nerve, conceit and trickiness. And the worst of it is that the breed seems to be increasing all the time. Why, only the other day Tallulah was telling me . . .

Love Among the Pines

ACROSS A SMALL BAY from the hotel where we spend our Northwoods vacation each summer is the cabin of Tom, whom we considered to be the world's most confirmed bachelor.

He would not so much as look at a woman.

When it was necessary to speak to one, he would stop a good ten feet from her and address his words to an inanimate object nearby: a tree, boat or fishing-rod.

We arrived last summer to find Tom married to Mamie, buxom cook at the hotel and my wife lost no time in asking him what had happened.

"Well, sir, ma'am," he replied without looking up, speaking to my wife's handbag, "it was a plumb accident. I was a settin' there paintin' a boat last spring when I happened to look acrost here and durned if there she wasn't, on'y I didn't know 'twas her, bein's she had on pants an' a Mackinaw.

"Without thinkin' I flung out my hand an' wove. By the time I seen my mistake, she wove back an' I was hooked. I druv in an' got a license an' the preacher an' durned if here we ain't!" —STAN WIDNEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wild West lives again in the rodeo's high-spirited horses and the bronzed daredevils who ride them

Roy Rogers, Trigger: rodeo favorites.

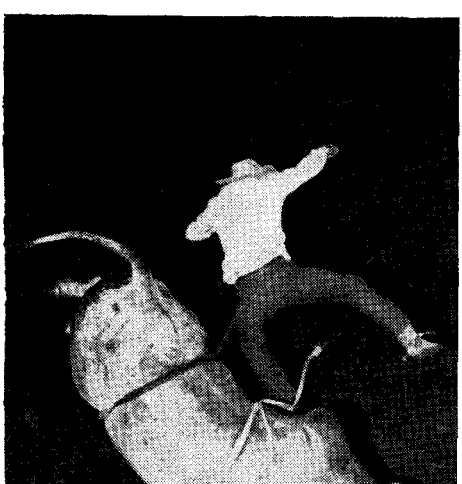
by JOHN BAKER

"THERE NEVER was a horse what couldn't be rode, and there never was a cowboy what couldn't be throwed," says a wise Western adage—describing in simple, colloquial terms the hellbent-for-leather battle between man and animal fury found in the rodeo. These cowboy contests preserve an exciting and violent part of the Old West which is all but forgotten today.

Springing up about 75 years ago as rivalry between cowpokes of two cattle ranches, rodeo competitions are big business today. The five main events—saddle and bareback bronco-busting, calf-roping, steer-dogging and Brahman bull riding—rarely disappoint their aficionados, always deliver thrills and spills.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Rodeo ridin'," a top hand once said, "is like dancin'—you gotta larn the rhythm or you'll eat dirt." Whether it's trick riding *(above)*, mounting a bull *(below, left)* or a bucking bronco *(below, right)*, there's no denying it has its ups—and downs.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RODEO spotlights skilled horsemanship which is rapidly vanishing from the West of today, where cowboys ride in Jeeps and station-wagons more often than on saddles.

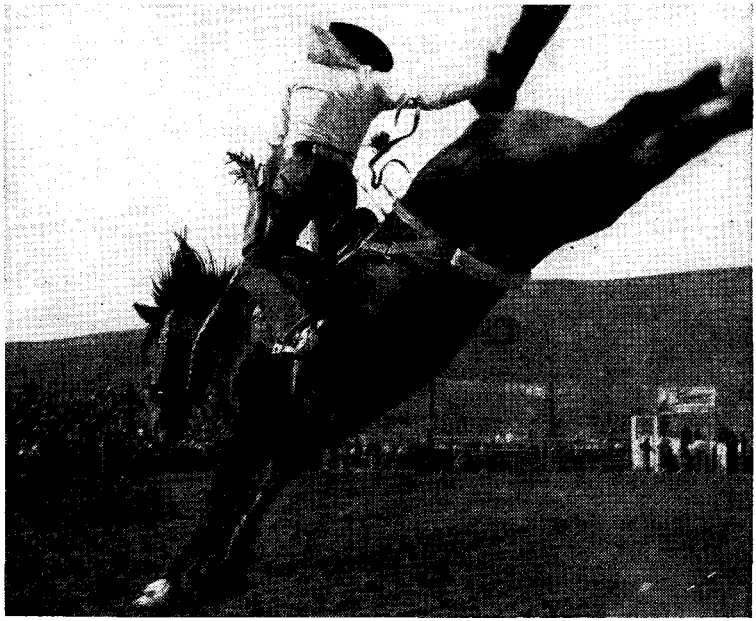
Rodeo cowboys work hard and play hard. A good rider can earn top money for only a few minutes' work, but not without considerable risk. In a business where broken bones are an everyday danger, a man must know protective tricks—how to take a fall, how to move speedily away from flying hoofs, how to relax before a ride. He has to keep in topnotch shape to follow the rodeo around the country, from Texas arenas to New York's Madison Square Garden.

Through the years, the rodeo has expanded into a fabulous show-business package which now includes trick riding and roping exhibitions, clowns and musical numbers.

One of the biggest box-office attractions in this field is the Roy Rogers Rodeo, which sets a television precedent on June 21 as the first world championship rodeo to be telecast nationally. Designated by the Rodeo Cowboys Association (which sponsors many competitions) as the Roy Rogers World Championship Rodeo, this hour-long package of excitement and top Western entertainment will go over the NBC television network from the San Antonio Coliseum, 8 to 9 P.M., EDT, under the sponsorship of General Foods.

Besides Roy Rogers and Dale Evans (shown below), the troupe includes Roy's horses Trigger and Trigger Jr., and his comic sidekick, Pat Brady.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It takes a wild mare to make a wild horse," any rodeo follower will tell you. But it also takes tremendous amounts of steel and a reckless breed of cowboys.

Some people argue that a good rodeo rider isn't made, he's born that way. But most of today's competitors started practicing in the early days of their youth, almost from the first time they put on jeans and climbed into a saddle.

The ranch range is a much safer place than the rodeo arena. But those days, devoid of horseback relish these tests of cowboy skill and strength against a snorting, skittering keepsake.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"RIDE 'IM, COWBOY!" the shouts ring out from the stands—but few spectators know all the rules faced by cowboys competing for rodeo prizes.

Time is a precious, all-important factor. In bull-dogging, the cowboy races a record of three and one-fifth seconds in wrestling the steer to the ground, its legs straight and pointing in the same direction as its nose.

In calf-roping, the rider lassoes the fleeing calf's neck, leaps from his horse and ties three of the animal's legs with another short rope —all in less than eight seconds to break the record!

For saddle and bareback bronc riding, the cowboy must keep one hand waving in the air and his feet kicking while holding on for a minimum of ten seconds.

The most dangerous contest is Brahman bull riding. A man has to stay on the bull's back for at least eight seconds—and scramble swiftly out of its path if he's thrown. For Brahmans, weighing nearly a ton, often charge, trample and gore riders in their anger.

It's a rough way to make a living —but the rodeo is loaded with action for rider and spectator, one of the few sports today in which man and animal match brute strength and grim determination.

Rider stands by as cowboy, competing in bull-dogging, pulls steer to the dust.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Featuring Triplets

JACK BAILEY, host of the surprise radio program, "Queen for a Day," (MBS Radio at 11:30 to noon, EDST) held a wide variety of jobs before entering show business. During that time, he picked up many bits of valuable information. Though much of it was related, the information could often be applied to different situations.

As Quizmaster this month, he would like you to pick one of the three related words below that best fits each statement. For example: The word beginning Paul Revere's Ride is: Stop, Look, Listen. The answer, of course, is listen. Other answers are on page 62.

1. A twining plant is:
   a) hop; b) skip; c) jump
2. In behalf of Little Nancy Etticoat (à la *Mother Goose*) one should go to:
   a) the butcher; b) the baker; c) the candle-stick maker
3. A tibia is a:
   a) rag; b) bone; c) hank of hair
4. Author of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* is:
   a) Byron; b) Shelley; c) Keats
5. "I came, I saw, I conquered," said Julius Caesar. "I saw" is:
   a) Veni; b) Vidi; c) Vici
6. In his famous speech (*Julius Caesar*) Mark Antony asks for the loan of:
   a) eyes; b) ears; c) nose
7. One of the Brontë sisters was probably called:
   a) Clara; b) Lou; c) Em
8. Father of Joseph was:
   a) Abraham; b) Isaac; c) Jacob
9. A very famous poem is Kipling's:
   a) And; b) If; c) But
10. Dr. Harvey's discovery concerned:
    a) blood; b) sweat; c) tears
11. A captain in *Peter Pan* is:
    a) Hook; b) Line; c) Sinker
12. Thieves in the *Arabian Nights* were:
    a) fair; b) fat; c) forty
13. Brahmans may be described as:
    a) lock; b) stock; c) barrel
14. The Fifth Commandment begins with: a) Love; b) Honor; c) Obey
15. A dickcissel is of the kingdom:
    a) animal; b) vegetable; c) mineral
16. The 28th President was:
    a) Tom; b) Dick; c) Harry
17. Jean Valjean (*Les Misérables*) stole:
    a) a loaf of bread; b) a jug of wine; c) thou
18. A koodoo is a:
    a) bird; b) beast; c) insect
19. The flower of the House of Lancaster was:
    a) red; b) white; c) blue
20. In the feathered world, cygnets are:
    a) men; b) women; c) children
21. The title of a famous painting by Watts is:
    a) Faith; b) Hope; c) Charity
22. We find logarithms in:
    a) reading; b) 'riting; c) 'rithmetic
23. One encountered by Frans Hals would possibly be:
    a) hanged; b) drawn; c) quartered
24. Damon and Pythias were outstanding:
    a) friends; b) Romans; c) countrymen
25. As a mother of the Gracchi, Cornelia was:
    a) good; b) bad; c) indifferent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take Your Pulse and Grow Thin!

Leading allergists have discovered a new and startling way to lose weight that may revolutionize present methods of dieting

by LAURA KERR

HANNAH SMITH, a plump and dejected girl, sat in the office of her "new" doctor.

"I've done everything to lose weight," she sighed, reciting her oft-told tale of morning exercise, daily walks and low-calorie dieting. "You won't believe me, but I don't eat much," she finished.

To her surprise, the doctor nodded. "I believe you. I will even guess what you had for breakfast—black coffee and grapefruit."

"How did you know?"

The doctor reached for her hand. "I didn't really know. May I take your pulse, please."

After he counted her pulse-beat, he went on. "It will surprise you to learn that perhaps steak and French fries might be less fattening for you. You see, your pulse is very fast—one-hundred and ten—which shows allergists that something you ate for breakfast is not good for you. In other words, you are allergic either to coffee or citrus fruit."

Thus began the interview which was to transform Hannah Smith, the neighborhood fat girl, into an attractive and slender woman. The doctor who performed this happy miracle is 80-year-young Arthur F. Coca of Oradell, New Jersey. A former member of the faculty at Cornell University, and retired medical director of Lederle Laboratories, he is honorary president of the American Society of Immunology.

After working for years with the problem of allergy, he has discovered that overweight patients who are put on an allergy-free diet lose their surplus flesh. Since then, he has demonstrated again and again that counting calories is not always the answer for the too-heavy man or woman.

In Chicago, Dr. Theron G. Randolph, prominent allergist, has investigated the symptoms of chronic allergic reaction to certain foods. He observed that patients were inclined to develop, midway between their regular meals, one or more of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the following symptoms: "a gnawing hunger sensation, nasal stuffiness, inability to concentrate, sleepiness, extreme fatigue, tenseness, and 'nervousness.' " The symptoms are "masked" because they are relieved immediately after the allergy-producing food is eaten and will not recur if more of the same food is consumed within a couple of hours.

"These patients," reported Dr. Randolph in the *Journal of Laboratory and Clinical Medicine*, "learned to avoid sharp reactions by eating, in addition to three regular meals, the foods to which they are allergic at such frequent intervals as, for instance, 10:30 A.M. and 3:00, 5:00 and 10:00 P.M., and occasionally during the night."

The importance of this type of allergy as a factor in overweight was recognized by Dr. Randolph when he found that the foods his patients were most frequently eating between meals, and to which they were most sensitive, were also those high in calories. His clinical report, therefore, said: "It is exceedingly difficult for patients with uncontrolled masked food allergy to adhere to a reduction diet; the majority of obese patients have previously failed to do this."

Dr. Coca's cases are startling and numerous, the first being that of an 80-year-old woman who had suffered with asthma all of her life. After keeping a careful record of her pulse rate before and after each meal for several days, she discovered that every time she drank milk, her pulse accelerated 20 or 30 points a minute.

At Dr. Coca's suggestion, she omitted milk, cheese and butter from her diet. Not only was she free of her customary asthmatic attacks, but within a few months she had lost 30 pounds, despite the fact that she continued to eat candy (made without milk), and cake and cookies which contained no milk or milk products.

A second case of weight-loss occurred in a young chemist who worked in Dr. Coca's laboratory. His great concern was abnormal drowsiness. When milk was taken from his diet, he lost 25 pounds, although he, too, continued to enjoy sweets and pastries prepared without butter and milk.

A third case is that of a young nurse whose weight dropped 15 pounds in a few weeks after she omitted peas, beans and cane sugar from her fare, although none of these foods are in the high-calorie category.

Dr. Randolph has had many similar cases of weight-loss when his patients follow his instructions. A Chicago writer lost 23 pounds in three months after being put on an allergy-free diet. Her daughter, a young actress, lost even more when she omitted all grains. A third patient, a successful young business woman, found herself 30 pounds lighter at the end of a summer during which she had forgone wheat, although she had continued to eat homemade ice cream and candies.

"Even our grandparents knew enough to avoid foods which did not agree with them," declares Dr. Coca, explaining that when a food to which a person is sensitive is taken into the body, it causes a very real disturbance. Blood chemistry and pulse rate are both thrown off, another manifestation of this reaction being the retention in the body

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of fluid. This latter condition adds to the condition of overweight.

And what does the pulse have to do with all this? The beat, assert these two leading allergists, is the measuring stick by which patient or doctor can gauge how fast the heart is pumping to help digest a certain food.

How can a person learn to take his pulse? The easiest place to find it is on the wrist, directly below the first finger and about two finger-widths below the hand. Once this skill is mastered, you are ready for the program which will lead you to better health. Some of it is easy, some of it may require a squaring of shoulders, but all of it is worthwhile.

For three days, eat a wide range of foods at each meal; include bread and butter at only one meal each day.

Drink no liquor and do not smoke.

Each morning before getting out of bed, take pulse for one minute.

Take pulse, sitting down before each meal, recording rate.

Take pulse 30 and 60 minutes after each meal, recording rate.

Make a careful list of each food eaten at breakfast, lunch and dinner.

On the fourth day, set aside an hour to study your chart, keeping in mind the following facts:

No normal pulse is ever over 84 in an adult. If yours is, you are eating a food to which you are allergic.

No normal pulse should rise more than ten points after a meal.

No normal pulse should be more than 16 points higher after eating than it was before rising in the morning. Thus, if a pulse is 58 before getting up, it should never be faster than 74.

Make a list of all foods which did not take pulse up more than ten points.

Make a list of foods which caused a positive acceleration, and on the two succeeding days (a weekend is best for this) eat each of these foods singly, an hour and a half apart. Do not, during this time, eat regular meals, but do take pulse as before, 30 and 60 minutes after eating.

In all probability, you may be one of the lucky ones who find only one food which disturbs you. In this case, you will probably discover this during the three-day test period by the simple process of elimination.

So unfolds a whole new approach to overweight. Isn't it worth giving up five days to find out if it's popcorn that is adding those extra pounds, or one of the "non-fattening" foods like orange juice or sliced tomatoes? Hannah Smith thought so, and so will you, once you take your pulse and grow thin!

It Takes All Kinds

CHEF: a man with a big enough vocabulary to give the soup a different name every day. —ANON

REFORMER: someone who wants his conscience to be your guide. —*Pipe Dreams*

DIPLOMAT: one who thinks twice before saying nothing. —*Pipe Dreams*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Subtle Psychology

AFTER 18 YEARS of answering calls to rescue children who have locked themselves in bathrooms and refused to come out, a Detroit fire-department captain has worked out this easy solution: Ascertaining the sex of the child, he goes to the door and, if it's a boy, calls, "Come out, little girl!" If a girl, "Come out, little boy!"

The indignant culprit usually emerges promptly, because what girl wants to be called a boy, and vice versa! —FRED WRUBLE in *Rotarian*

PARENTS IN A certain Midwest town have no trouble persuading their youngsters to visit a doctor. For six years the local physicians and dentists have given each young patient an official looking prescription for an ice-cream cone of any flavor. The "prescriptions" may be filled at any of the town's six drugstores, where 27,500 free cones have been given out to date. A local dairy provides the ice cream.

—*Family Circle Magazine*

AN ARMY chaplain kept a notebook on his desk plainly labeled "Complaints." Whenever a soldier came in with a chip on his shoulder and criticized the Army or his fellow soldiers, the chaplain would open the book and mildly comment, "I'll just write your complaint in here and take it up with the Army authorities."

This always produced the desired effect of making the griper realize the petty nature of his complaint. Consequently, although the chaplain opened his book hundreds of times, he never wrote a line in it.

—EUGENE N. MIXELL

PEOPLE ARE INSATIABLY curious. Good proof is in Whitakers, North Carolina, where there's a sign: "At 30 M. P. H. you can drive through Whitakers in 2 minutes. Try it!" Nearly everybody does.

—MAURICE J. CRUMP in *Rotarian*

A HOUSTON bus driver trying to make a turn found a woman driver about to move into his path. Leaning from the window, the busman whistled sharply and the woman stopped and looked, allowing him to go through ahead of her.

A passenger asked him why he whistled instead of using his horn.

"About half the women drivers won't pay any attention to somebody honking," he said. "But there ain't a dame in Houston that won't stop and look when she hears a man whistle." —*Youngstown* (Ohio) *Vindicator*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAMMAL MAN

After years of working with animals, Victor Cahalane has learned more about them than anyone in America

by JACK DENTON SCOTT

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER, Adlai Stevenson and his oldest son, off on a fishing trip in the wilds of Alaska, met a slim, gray-eyed man on a game trail in the Katmai National Monument area. The man was preparing a meal from Army C rations and a freshly-caught salmon.

Seeing that he had no gun or fishing equipment, the former Governor of Illinois inquired: "What are you doing way out here?"

"Making a survey of American wildlife—counting bears," the man replied.

Speechless, a rare thing for him, Stevenson finally asked: "What do you do, once you get them counted?"

For the information of Mr. Stevenson and one out of every three Americans who will visit our National Parks this year, the man on the Alaskan trail was Victor H. Cahalane, Chief Biologist of the National Park Service, one of whose jobs is to see that the thousands of wild animals which live and are protected on our 28 National Park and 83 National Monument areas are happy, healthy and not pestered by people.

His Alaskan trip was something more than a bear-counting safari. He was there with teams of government geologists, climatologists and anthropologists to determine what dangers from animals and plants an Air Force crew would encounter if they crashed in the frozen wastes of Alaska. His assignment also included testing what would be available for food, and that's what he was doing with the salmon and C-rations.

Moviegoers who saw Walt Disney's "The Living Desert" were impressed with the technical excellence of the picture. Cahalane acted as advisor on that film and on two other Disney masterpieces as yet unreleased. Disney had read his books, seen him at work in the parks, and asked him to help in the pictures. There were no arguments during filming: Cahalane had the final say where animals were concerned.

And just in case you have been wondering how squirrels locate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those caches of nuts they hide for wintertime use, Cahalane has the answer. The thesis he wrote for his Ph.D. in forest zoology was called "Do Squirrels Remember?"—after he had snooped around for months studying the creatures. He discovered that squirrels do not have fantastic memories. They depend upon their sense of smell to relocate food hoards.

This lean, laconic man, said to know more about animals than anyone in America, leads an adventuresome life. He has tracked wolves in Alaska, elk in Wyoming, ibex in Italy, and lions, impalas and elephants in Africa. When he says the Alaskan brown bear is dangerous if awakened in high grass while napping, he knows, since he once got close enough to disturb America's largest carnivorous animal while it slumbered.

Once, when asked why he devoted his life to dumb beasts that couldn't possibly appreciate his efforts, Cahalane considered his answer so much a part of his philosophy that he used it in the introduction to his classic book, *Mammals of North America*.

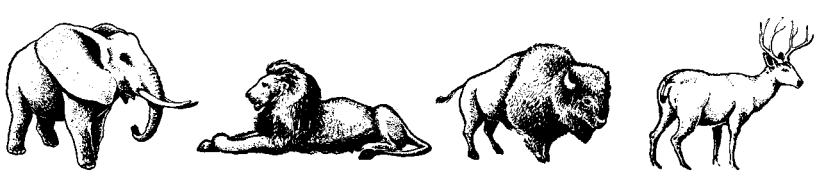
"It is customary for humans to set themselves on a plane above their fellow-mammals," Cahalane said. "Some adherents of the mechanical school believe that only man can have 'feelings.' They assert that the mother deer cannot experience affection for her fawn, or the woodchuck a sense of enjoyment when it suns itself. The dog that obeys his master's command to 'sit up,' according to them, is only reacting automatically to familiar sounds.

"It is certain, however, that many animals are perceptive of matters which are beyond our sensory range or understanding. How can we claim justifiably that we are exclusive proprietors of such qualities as courage, cleverness, affection, or the ability to enjoy life and to communicate with others of our own kind?"

Contrary to opinions of other experts, Cahalane believes that our smallest mammal, the shrew, is also the fiercest. Although barely three inches long, it has the courage of a tiger and will attack anything smaller than a weasel. The shrew fells its prey with a poisonous bite, then tears the animal into pieces and devours it, skin, bones and all.

The animal that still baffles Cahalane is the anteater. Over four feet in length, a mammal that can swim amazingly well and kill a dog if necessary, it spends its time timidly grubbing for ants and running from noises. Cahalane facetiously attributes its strange life to an inferiority complex.

Human animals interest him, too. When Supreme Court Justice Douglas made his much-publicized hike last year along the towpath of the C & O Canal in Maryland,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cahalane joined him for the last 30 miles. Observers say that the lean, well-muscled Cahalane kept up with Douglas easily. When they stopped for a breather, the men talked of their experiences in the Chiricahua Mountains of Arizona. Douglas had hunted mountain lions there and Cahalane, bobcats and rattlesnakes.

His wife, Isabelle, whom he met in 1924 when they were both teaching at the high school in Arlington, Vermont (she English, he biology), used to join him on many trips. But after the arrival of their daughter, Margaret (who is now 13), he no longer permitted her to go with him to dangerous places.

One of his most trying experiences occurred in the summer of 1940, when he and the Superintendent of McKinley Park packed into the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes in Alaska. They left their headquarters, a boat, moored on Naknek Lake and were abroad on their field trip for a week. Returning to the mooring place, they discovered that a storm had torn the boat loose and driven it high on the beach.

They were in uninhabited country and unable to drag the boat back in the water. Days later, the pilot of a passing plane saw them, but they were down to their last can of food when help arrived.

During 1950-51, the Park Service loaned Cahalane to the Union of South Africa, to study wildlife in the national parks there. Shortly after arrival, he was driving through Kruger Park with the park biologist, when a giraffe lunged out of dense vegetation by the roadside and headed for them. Both the car and the giraffe were traveling at high speed. This time Cahalane was scared. It seemed such a silly way to die.

"Imagine being run down by a giraffe," he says. "Who would believe it?"

Luckily, the giraffe swung to one side.

A few days later, on the Hluhluwe Reserve in Zululand, he was charged by two white rhinos while taking their pictures. Next to the whale and the elephant, they are the largest animals in the world.

"Being charged by a pair of white rhinos," he recalls, "is like being chased by a couple of Sherman tanks. There doesn't seem to be any escape."

Cahalane has lent his services to the Belgian Congo, to Col. Mervyn Cowie, director of the National Parks of Kenya, and has visited most of the national parks throughout the world. He never carries a gun, considering a camera, notebook, pencil and a well-aimed curiosity all the weapons he needs.

Cahalane's interest in mammals began at the age of three, when he attempted to brush flies off the haunches of a spirited carriage horse and was nearly kicked into eternity. Born in New Hampshire in 1901, Victor went to village schools, spent his spare time poking into dens and tracking animals in the snow.

By the time he was ten, he was a full-fledged Audubon Society member, and had decided that he wanted to spend his time outdoors. After high school, he worked his way through Massachusetts Agriculture College (now the University of Massachusetts) by waiting on tables and acting as night watchman in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

college greenhouses. Later he got his master's degree in forestry at Yale, then went to Michigan for his Ph.D. in forest zoology.

Today, as Chief Biologist of the National Park Service, he has the complicated task of maintaining natural wildlife balances in accordance with park policy, oversees the stocking of game fish in the parks which are open to public fishing, and is charged with making constant personal surveys.

Although on paper he is supposed to be an office man in Washington, D. C., he is in the field so often that his face is permanently tanned and he moves with the walk of the born woodsman. When he isn't at work with his animals, he putters in his flower and vegetable garden and makes his home in the old Army Post headquarters building at Fort Hunt, near Mount Vernon.

Although his pets are now limited to a cocker spaniel, he once had fox squirrels and little kangaroo rats all over the place. His wife likes to recall a fox-squirrel story:

Once, when they were living in Ann Arbor, Michigan, Victor brought home a pair of squirrels, Sophie and Sam. They were lodged in a cage attached to a window ledge, and the combined complaints of the landlord and Mrs. Cahalane couldn't dislodge them.

Then one day the squirrels had a family—but with a switch. Cahalane's favorite, Sam, was the mother, while Sophie proved to be a male. The "expectant" mother turned out to be the unexpected squirrel.

The Feminine Touch

ELSA MAXWELL once gave a "Come-As-You-Are" party in Paris, the guests being told only that on a certain day a bus would call for them; they were to stop what they were doing—and come as they were.

One man arrived in pajamas, another with his face half-shaved; several wore no jackets and one was in full dress, without a tie. Some ladies came without shoes—but all had complete make-up on.

WHILE COVERING Pancho Villa's revolution in Mexico, Ben Hecht observed that the young ladies who were Villa's personal camp-followers shared generously in the guerrilla leader's loot.

One day the camp received a sudden warning that the Federals were approaching and Villa ordered immediate flight. There was no time to pack and each lady was told she could bring away a single item. Each chose her prettiest hat.

DARRYL ZANUCK, the movie magnate, likes to play games testing the powers of observation. At a luncheon in his Palm Springs home, he asked his guests to describe, with eyes closed, such things as the paintings on the walls, the kind of lights in the room, the design on the plates.

Constance Bennett failed dismally at all these tests. But asked about the outfit of a lady guest, just arrived, she was able to describe her dress, shoes, belt, necklace and earrings in the most minute detail.

—LEONARD LYONS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A simple safety precaution may save your life this summer

Never Swim Alone!

by Oren Arnold

Little Linda could "swim like a fish" and with her parents' approval, went daily to the neighborhood pool. Two lifeguards were on duty and there were dozens of swimmers in and about the water. Nobody knew what happened—a cramp, heart failure, a sudden injury, any of a number of things—but her body was found on the bottom of the pool's deep end, hidden from view by the dappled surface.

Linda could have been saved, as could probably 50 per cent of the nearly 3,000 swimmers who drowned in the U. S. last year, if a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

simple precaution had been observed.

This is a relatively new swimming procedure known as the Buddy System, which has proved so effective in preventing drownings that the American Red Cross, the U. S. military forces and agencies promoting safety advocate it enthusiastically. Using it at their last great National Jamboree, the Boy Scouts of America enjoyed 92,621 swims in turbulent ocean surf without a single accident.

The Buddy System requires no special training or skill; in fact, its technique is so simple as to be obvious, yet it is the obvious that we most often ignore.

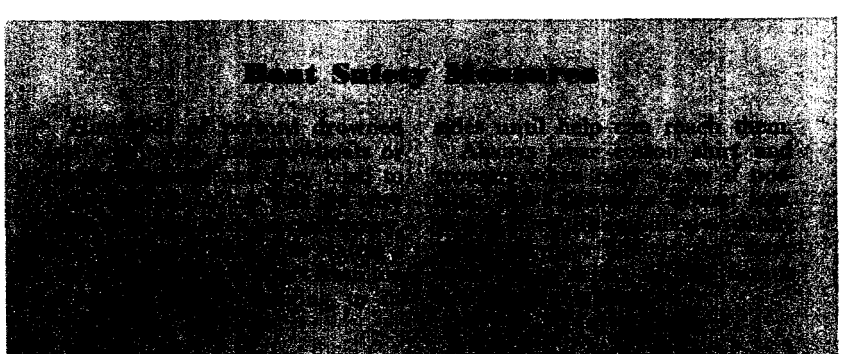
The Buddy System requires simply that you *always* have a companion—a "buddy"—with you or standing by whenever you enter the water. If your buddy is in the water with you, he should be someone of equal swimming ability, since it is his duty to stay within a few feet of you, and you of him.

Each buddy checks on his swimmer every few minutes. Thus, each becomes the other's lifeguard. This rule must be strictly applied wherever you swim, even in home pools and places with lifeguards.

It is not necessary that your buddy enter the water. And since almost anything—a pole, tree limb, oar, plank, rope, shirt or trousers shucked off quickly, necktie knotted to a belt—can become a lifeline to a person in the water, it is not even necessary that he know how to swim. It goes without saying, however, that in any case, a poor or weak swimmer should not venture beyond his depth.

Sudden death threatens even expert swimmers. Several years ago, a twenty-year-old collegiate champion went diving off a California beach in full view of a thousand people. He had no buddy to give him a periodic safety check, so no one suspected he was in trouble until a breaker rolled his body ashore.

Anyone, anytime, anywhere, is a fool to swim without a buddy. For approximately half of the 3,000 swimmers who drowned last year *were carelessly swimming alone!*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scoundrel, charlatan—or genius?

Cagliostro:

THE CROWD milled about nervously before the Red Lion Inn in the city of Strasbourg, France, that September afternoon in 1783. One name was on every lip: *Cagliostro!*

Would they catch a glimpse of this mystery man of Europe; this dabbler in alchemy, magic and unspeakable black arts; this master of the occult before whom even kings trembled?

Count Cagliostro, it was whispered, had discovered the philosopher's stone, the water of beauty, the elixir holding the secret of eternal youth. He could conjure up the devil at command or make material invisible.

Only 24 hours before, the Count had arrived at the Inn with his Countess. He was accompanied by a retinue of eight men clad in the garb of priests of Isis, goddess of ancient Egypt; an outlandish-looking Portuguese dwarf, said to be his assistant in alchemy; and other sumptuously liveried attendants.

He had been summoned in haste to the bedside of the dying Prince de Soubise, cousin to the all-powerful Cardinal de Rohan. The Prince's malady had baffled the greatest physicians of Europe. When they had given him up, His Eminence ordered, "Call Cagliostro!"

The physicians were dumbfounded. Cagliostro? Trust royalty's life to that mountebank? They protested, but in vain.

At this very moment, the portly, mysterious Cagliostro, black eyes burning under heavy lids, fingers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through all of his life, this man of mystery had earned each title

Prince of Swindlers

by EMERY DERI

covered with rings, was seated at the sickbed gently stroking the Prince's forehead and mumbling in a weird, unintelligible language. In a corner stood two of his priests beside a bowl of burning incense, heads bowed, lips moving in a soundless incantation.

Suddenly Count Cagliostro rose and in a strong voice cried out: "Prince de Soubise! Prince de Soubise!"

The wan figure on the bed stirred, almost imperceptibly.

"Prince de Soubise, you are not going to die! Look at me!"

The Prince turned his head weakly on the pillow and looked into the compelling eyes of this strange man.

"I stand before you—I who am 325 years old! Yes, 325 years old! You, too, can attain this great age. But you must implicitly follow my instructions."

From his clothes Cagliostro produced a vial of blue liquid. "This is a potent medicine. Take ten drops tonight, and every night thereafter for five nights. Tomorrow you will leave your bed. Day after tomorrow you can start your trip to Versailles where you are expected by the King."

A week later, the Prince told the story of his recovery to an astonished court at Versailles.

"An extraordinary sensation of lassitude came over me the moment Cagliostro touched my forehead," he said. "My fever vanished, all pain floated away. I must have fallen almost immediately into a deep sleep because I saw neither the Count nor his attendants leave. . . ."

Who was Count Cagliostro? Was he, indeed, the greatest scoundrel and charlatan who ever lived—or was he a psychic genius and born healer?

The man who came to be known as Cagliostro was born Giuseppe Balsamo, the son of poor parents, in Palermo, Sicily, in 1743. Bright, headstrong, unmanageable, he grew up a terror of tradesmen and youngsters smaller than himself. From the beginning he was graced with a soaring imagination and a consummate self-confidence.

At 12, he briefly attended a seminary. When he was beaten by a teacher for one of his many escapades, he ran away.

A few years later, he obtained a position as an apothecary's clerk. Though his duties consisted of little more than sweeping out the shop and washing beakers and glassware, a fantastic new world opened to him, one in which he was immediately at home—the world of chemistry with its cabalistic symbols, its potions and philters and secret substances on the edge of magic.

Young Giuseppe did not hold the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With his feats of mind reading and his wonder drugs, Cagliostro's popularity grew....

job long, but he never forgot what he learned amid the test tubes and chemicals. By the time he was 19, he had organized a bogus treasure-hunt, swindling his backers; he had forged a will and, with police hot on his heels, had fled to Rome.

"I studied at the Court of the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta," he was to claim later, "and helped solve the secrets of transmuting base metals into gold." This was, of course, not true. Instead, he led a precarious existence in the Italian capital selling love potions, pandering and engaging in other shady undertakings.

In 1769, he met and married Lorenza Feliciani, beautiful young daughter of a girdle-maker. She was adept at palm reading, fortune-telling and coquetry, and as adventurous and ambitious as Giuseppe himself. They made a remarkable couple.

For nearly a year, they lived with Lorenza's parents. Then the girdle-maker, disgusted with Giuseppe and his schemes, abruptly turned them out with a curse and a warning never to return; and the amazing career of the Balsamos began.

First in Italy, then in Marseilles, Madrid, Lisbon and the capitals of half a dozen countries, Giuseppe continued to sell his bogus medicines and to swindle on the side, with Lorenza serving as bait for promising victims.

A highly successful counterfeiting operation in Spain netted them an enormous sum of money, and overnight Giuseppe Balsamo vanished. In his place appeared Count Allessandro Cagliostro, a fabulous personage whose antecedents were completely unknown, but who lived with his beautiful Countess Seraphina on a magnificent scale without visible sources of income. Not content with appointing himself a count and Lorenza a countess, Giuseppe assumed the further extraordinary titles: Foster Child of the Scherif of Mecca, Putative Son of the last King of Trebizond, Pupil Adored of the Sage Althotas.

In 1776, the remarkable pair turned up in London and both were initiated into a Masonic lodge whose wealthy members were just coming under the influence of a strange mysticism that was spreading over Europe through the revival of occult sects.

Cagliostro made a deep impression upon the lodge members with talk of his proficiency in esoteric mysteries "which I learned in the Orient." At his suggestion, they authorized him to found new lodges on the Continent. But the lodges he founded in France, Germany, Switzerland and other countries were far different from what they had in mind.

For Cagliostro invented a non-existent "Oriental Order of Masonry" based on a legendary Egyptian masonic society. Full of bizarre ceremony and magic hokus-pokus, it was designed to impress romantic souls seeking supernatural revelations.

As membership increased, Cagliostro assumed his most impressive title—Grand Master Supreme of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Egyptian Free Masonry of High Science, Grand Cophta of Europe and Asia. He gave private audiences to new members in which he revealed "secrets," spoke of the "Wine of Egypt" that prolonged life for hundreds of years, of the "extract of Saturn" that restored men's youthful strength.

He played his part to the hilt in a robe of black silk glittering with cabalistic letters embroidered in red. A turban of gold covered his head, about his neck a chain of emeralds glittered greenly, and about his waist was a sash of scarlet silk from which dangled a jeweled sword.

In public, he and his Countess traveled in a black japanned coach with gold heraldry on the doors. His dress was a coat of shimmering blue silk and a musketeer hat with a white plume. There were jeweled buckles on his shoes, and when he moved his hand gems gleamed on his ringed fingers.

THE WEIRD RITUALS in the lodges, Cagliostro's hints at his discovery of the secret of immortality, his feats of mind reading and healing, his wonder drugs and his fantastic costumes made a tremendous impression. His fame spread and wealthy aristocrats flocked to join his lodges. In every city he distributed large sums of money among the poor, so that his popularity grew.

The dues in his lodges were high, but no one complained. The members spoke of their Grand Cophta in terms of rapture.

For not everything he did was based on deception. His cure of regeneration was, in reality, a reducing cure; his Extract of Saturn, an aphrodisiac.

The loveliness of Countess Seraphina did him no harm. For guests at their parties, marveling at her beauty, whispered that she maintained it by using a miraculous lotion concocted by the Count, who could be persuaded to part with a few grams of it for a king's ransom.

Now and then his productions misfired. As a clairvoyant, he claimed to be able to locate buried treasure or speak with the dead through child mediums. More than once it developed that the treasure found by Cagliostro had been buried by himself, or that the child mediums had been carefully coached by the Countess.

In general, however, his tricks worked, his seances went smoothly, and a few incidents proved that not everything about the Count and Countess was illusion.

In Mitau, the duchy of Courland, for example, where Cagliostro was the guest of Marshal von Medem, his host asked him when his son, on duty in Southern Germany, would come home on leave.

Cagliostro closed his eyes for a moment, then answered: "Your son is on his way here. He will arrive tomorrow afternoon."

The Marshal and his family were incredulous. They knew that their son's immediate arrival was a sheer impossibility. Yet the next day the officer arrived. He had spent the previous day traveling. The Count could not have known his whereabouts.

In Paris, Cagliostro found the ideal background for his trade in occultism. Money poured in on him from a score of activities: forgery,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sale of dangerous drugs, fortune telling, lodge memberships, blackmail, and the like.

He "treated" the poor free of charge, and there were days when his quarters were besieged by hundreds hoping to be cured by his magnetic touch.

Who is to say how many hysterically-ill people presented themselves before this man of commanding personality and mesmeric eye—and so found themselves "cured" of what they had never, in truth, really suffered.

The downfall of this mystery man was as swift and amazing as had been his rise. First he had the ill luck to become involved in a sensational criminal case with a political background. Though innocent, he was thrown into prison.

When he was eventually set free, he was greeted by a cheering crowd and his homecoming was a triumphal procession through the streets of Paris. But his reputation for infallibility and god-like power had suffered a tremendous setback, and he was watched closely by the police, who ordered him to leave Paris within three weeks.

A year later he was arrested again—this time on a charge of forgery. Influential friends succeeded in obtaining his freedom; and, bewildered and embittered, the Count took Seraphina back to London where they had once been the darlings of Society.

There, too, he now found himself suspect. Soon the authorities were swamped with denunciations against him and he was imprisoned. Since his dupes were ashamed to admit they had paid fantastic prices for his extracts and philters, he managed to win his freedom. But he had lost his old daring and magnificent self-confidence.

Finally, broken, the two returned to Rome and to Lorenza's parents. There, the papal police arrested them and Cagliostro, not yet 50, was found guilty of heresy by the Inquisition.

He spent his remaining years chained to the wall in a subterranean cell, in the fortress prison of San Leo. In 1795, his jailer found him there, dead. The Countess, who entered a convent when her husband was imprisoned, had died the year before.

Legend gave rise to legend after Cagliostro's death, for to no one, apparently, had he revealed the secrets of his magic. How much humbug and how much clairvoyant was he? We can only wonder.

Junior Logic

WHILE WORKING in his backyard garden one morning, a father spaded up a number of earthworms that the birds gobbled down quickly.

"Which goes to show," he told his small son, "the striking truth in the old saying that it is the early bird that catches the worm."

"But, Daddy," the little boy said, "isn't it the early worm that the early bird catches?"

—EDGAR D. KRAMER in *Pen*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young Men of Hollywood

A Selection of Stars of Tomorrow

By Hedda Hopper

Here are the youngsters ready to crowd the old pros—the Gables, Coopers and Waynes—off their money-making thrones. Loaded with personality and ability, they only need the right roles to take them to the top.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM A WALK-ON PART in *Since You Went Away*, Guy Madison moved up the ladder to leading roles—but it was television's "Wild Bill Hickok" series which made him a sought-after boxoffice star in movies. Virile and handsome, Guy forsakes westerns for a suspense story in *Five Against the House*. For relaxation, he tends his gun collection and plays golf with friends like Bob Hope (*bottom, right*).

TAB HUNTER WORKED behind a soda fountain before he took off his shirt and landed an acting job in *Island of Desire*. The picture made him high man on all teen-age popularity polls, but Tab, 24, was nearly broke a year ago—until he won the romantic lead in *Battle Cry* and a contract with Warner Brothers. An enthusiastic rider and skier, he also practices figure skating in his leisure hours.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TONY CURTIS GAINED his movie foothold through a fluke. Universal-International sent him on a personal appearance tour with a group of stars. Teenagers ignored the "names" and screamed for Tony. On his return, his bosses took a second look. He's been getting the breaks, and making good, ever since. Born in New York's Hell's Kitchen, Tony has fought to escape the "pretty boy" label. He delights his teen-aged fans by varying his movie roles: he portrays a hoodlum in *Six Bridges to Cross*, a singing and dancing sailor in *So This Is Paris*, a swashbuckling swordsman in *The Purple Mask* and a quick-drawing cowboy in his first Western, *The Rawhide Years*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RICHARD EGAN FLUNKED his first screen test. But urged on by his brother, a Jesuit priest, he persisted—and finally won a co-starring role with Jane Russell in *Underwater* (*above*, with Gilbert Roland). He has managed to keep his head above water since. Rugged and goodlooking, Egan is building a solid reputation as an actor in *Untamed* (*below*) and *Violent Saturday*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES DEAN, 24-YEAR-OLD Indiana farm boy, created more excitement in Hollywood than any newcomer—becoming a star overnight—with a sensitive performance in his first picture, *East of Eden*. On screen, he has a mesmerizing tenseness, amazing flexibility of facial expression, and an ability to project an ever-fleeting mood. Like his co-star, Julie Harris (*below*), Dean won recognition on Broadway while studying his craft at Elia Kazan's renowned Actors Studio.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EX-CONSTABLE ALDO RAY ALMOST GOT TYPED as a funny fellow because of his foghorn voice. (Answering his first roll call as a frogman during World War II, Aldo startled a lieutenant into dubbing him "the first frogman who sounded like one.") As the tough leatherneck with a heart of gold in *Battle Cry*, he emerges as a dramatic star. His idea of excitement is following the stock market and trying to outguess Wall Street—on paper. True to his Italian heritage, he loves opera.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLUMBIA DISCOVERED JACK LEMMON'S COMEDY FLAIR in *It Should Happen to You* and immediately set him to co-star again with Judy Holliday in *Phfft*. Hailed by one director as "the new Cary Grant," Jack is in great demand. Leland Hayward fought a winning battle and borrowed him for the prize role of Ensign Pulver in the screen version of *Mr. Roberts*. A Harvard graduate and veteran of TV and radio serials, Jack has good looks, wit, charm. Does a star need more?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here are workable—and medically approved—methods to help you conquer sleeplessness

WAYS TO FALL ASLEEP

by LESTER DAVID

YOU GO TO BED at 11 P.M. Half an hour later, you are staring sleeplessly at the ceiling. An hour after that, you are turning and tossing and pounding the pillow, boneweary but still wide awake. Finally, as the stars fade, you fall into fitful slumber—and then the alarm clock jolts you conscious and you crawl out of bed, tired, haggard and hollow-eyed, to start another long, long day.

A familiar scene? Probably, because one out of every two persons 20 years of age or older finds himself in this situation at one time or another. But the cheering news for all concerned is this: *sleeplessness can be conquered.*

Here are a number of medically approved—and workable—methods of winning a sound night's repose. Not all, of course, will summon the sandman for you, because where sleep is concerned, one man's lullaby is another man's insomnia. But each of the sleep-inducing methods that follow has sent a sufficient number of persons into slumberland often enough to be considered highly effective and useful.

Establish a Sleep Cycle

One vital piece of advice all poor sleepers should paste in their nightcaps is: *Go to bed at the same hour every night!*

Conclusive proof of how regular hours influence slumber came from large-scale experiments conducted at the University of Chicago by Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, one of the world's foremost sleep authorities. Dr. Kleitman and associates studied a total of 6,800 nights' sleep by human subjects and concluded that time of retirement was one of the most significant factors affecting repose. He advises:

"To feel well-rested, to go to sleep with ease, follow a definite routine with respect to daytime and evening activity and the time of going to bed."

The human animal, Dr. Kleitman found, is "monocyclic"—that is, he has adapted himself to require

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one sleep cycle in 24 hours. Certain animals, such as mice and horses, have a number of sleep periods. When the sleep cycle approaches for the human, his body temperature drops and he is ready to drop off. This cycle can be trained to operate at regular intervals and, when strongly entrenched, cannot be dislodged with ease.

The Kleitman studies show that retiring and waking at the same time each day is more important than the hour at which they occur. So try to establish a sleep cycle. It may take weeks or even months, but it can be done.

Water as a Sleep Inducer

Here are three special sleep-inducers which have helped millions:

Norman Dine, director of the Lewis & Conger Sleep Shop in New York City, a fabulous gallery of gadgets to woo sleep, asserts that the best slumber-provoking method he has come across in a quarter-century is also the cheapest.

First, immerse yourself for 20 minutes in a 100-degree bath. To the water, add a tablespoon of dried mustard or a small quantity of genuine pine essence. Second, pat—don't rub—yourself dry. Third, walk slowly to bed and crawl slowly in. Prepare the bed in advance, since any extra effort at this time will stimulate and reactivate the lulled body machine.

Wet sheet method: fill a foot bath or basin with hot water and step into it. Wrap your head in a towel dipped in ice water. Soak a bedsheet in 60-degree water and wrap it snugly about your body. Hold it there a few minutes, then pat yourself dry and get into bed.

Abdominal compress: soak several layers of flannel or soft cloth in 50- or 60-degree water, wring them out slightly and spread them over the abdomen. Cover them with a dry cloth. Compresses should be left in the same position for at least an hour, or, for the entire night, if you fall asleep.

Sounds and Slumber

Sleep, declared Dr. Joseph Collins in an authoritative discussion of insomnia some years ago, often results from the monotonous repetition of one kind of noise, sound, movement or light. He cites the rocking of the cradle, the chant of the lullaby, the sound of running water, the droning voice of a dull lecturer. All, at one time or another, have probably put you to sleep.

So try to pick up some monotonous sound outside your window, like the sighing of the wind or the rustle of branches, and dwell on it. Or think of a runner hurdling one fence after another, on and on and on. Think of the click-click of a train's wheels along the tracks as it moves forward into the night.

Sleep-inducing Gadgets

Frequently, sleepless persons need mechanical help to deaden

OUR CHANGING SEXUAL CODE

A revealing look at the dramatic changes that have taken place in American morals during the past few decades. This condensation of a challenging book tells how far we've gone and how far we may go. In August Coronet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their senses to the point where sleep comes. Consider, for instance, the case of Hinton Miller of Baltimore, who took his insomniac wife to Atlantic City for a vacation. He was astonished to learn that the very first night, Mrs. Miller slept like a baby. Next morning she told him that the sound of the surf, the constant, monotonous, pounding of the waves was responsible.

An idea perked in Miller's mind. Why couldn't he dream up a mechanism which simulated the roar of the surf? Wouldn't it be a boon to insomniacs—and a profitable new business besides? Back home, he experimented with many methods and finally, after six months, evolved a rotating metal cylinder containing a quantity of copper beads. When the drum turned, the sliding and falling beads sounded exactly like the waves hitting the beach at Atlantic City! The device, looking like a small radio and pretties up with an ocean scene, a light and an automatic shut-off switch, is now being manufactured.

A Chicago radio engineer named Charles Beazley recently invented an electronic gadget called Slumberbug, which makes rhythmical droning sounds resembling a foghorn on a ship moving through a mist far away. Another device, Lullapine, produces a sound like the wind sighing through pine trees and has an added fillip—it also wafts pine fragrance through the room.

Try music *before* retiring, too. In a number of experiments, scientists have found that even in instances of chronic insomnia due to severe neurosis, soothing music played before bedtime actually cut the use of sleeping pills by one-third!

Relax Your Muscles

Sleep is elusive when too much fatigue and too many anxieties cause muscular tension. One expert asserts that if all poor sleepers would learn how to relax their muscles, there would be no need for sleep aids, accessories or even experts. It can be achieved in two ways—by yourself or with mechanical aid.

The voluntary way involves muscular control. Dr. Edmund Jacobson of Chicago has evolved a system of voluntary and studied relaxation of one group of muscles after the other, which has helped countless persons. It includes exercises to relax the arms, legs, forehead, brow, eyes, speech muscles and even the breathing.

There are some simpler ways of achieving a degree of relaxation. One, explained by Dr. Bender in *How to Sleep*, works like this: lie in bed and consciously relax the entire body, part by part. Start with the toes, tell them to relax. Move to the ankles, legs, hips, spine, hands, arms and up to the eyes and scalp.

The involuntary way of achieving muscular relaxation is through mechanical vibrations or pulsations transmitted by specially-constructed devices. These include: mattresses with built-in pulsators which rhythmically massage the body; vibrating cushions which can be placed anywhere on any part of the body, and oscillating devices which may be put under a mattress or next to the body.

Special Sleep Provokers

Here are several sleep-provokers which do not fall into any particular category but which have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tried and found dream-inspiring:

1. Place the hands flatly over the abdomen as you lie in bed and draw a long, slow, natural breath. The movement of the abdomen slowly and gradually lifts the hands outward. Now as you draw the breath, start opening your eyes slowly and raising your eyeballs, so that at full inhalation, your eyes are wide open and looking upward.

Let the breath go out, easily, slowly and naturally, and allow the hands to fall inward as the outward pressure of the abdomen is withdrawn. Simultaneously, let your eyes drop and your eyelids fall naturally. When you have exhaled, then, your eyes will be closed.

Repeat the process ten times, but be sure it's all done slowly and easily. Then draw ten breaths with the *eyes closed*. Alternate the breathing: first, ten times with eyes opening and closing, and then ten times with eyes shut. Soon the lids will start to feel heavy and you will be going through the motions lazily, effortlessly; and inevitably losing track of the count.

2. Dr. Donald A. Laird, for many years director of the psychology laboratory at Colgate University, suggests spraying perfume throughout the bedroom.

The pleasant odor, he says, can coax sleep in two ways—by encouraging deeper and slower breathing and by distracting attention from your thoughts. Incidentally, women who find it difficult to sleep in strange rooms while travelling or on vacation may try the perfume stunt. The unfamiliar surroundings will suddenly seem like home.

3. Dr. Paul H. Fluck recommends that you try to remember the position in which you awaken in the morning, then take that position when you are trying to go to sleep. Dr. Bender urges avoidance of bedrooms decorated in exciting colors. Reds and yellows, he says, buoy up the spirits while pastel shades of green and blue encourage relaxation.

How About That Book?

Reading is an old standby, but doctors now tell you to stop! Declares Dr. Fluck: "Reading in bed has now been abandoned by the medical profession as an adjuvant in the therapy of insomnia, for reading too frequently encourages the sufferer to read just a little later each night, until ultimately he finishes both the novel and the night's repose."

Another doctor says: "Reading in bed is a bad policy. I warn my patients against it. If they read in order to fall asleep, they have acquired a bad habit, for they accustom themselves to imagining and reflecting in bed in place of relaxing there. Your bed is not the proper place to cultivate an active mind."

Featuring Triplets

(Answers to quiz on page 35)

1. a; 2. c; 3. b; 4. a; 5. b; 6. b; 7. c; 8. c; 9. b; 10. a; 11. a; 12. c; 13. b; 14. b; 15. a; 16. a; 17. a; 18. b; 19. a; 20. c; 21. b; 22. c; 23. b; 24. a; 25. a.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Horse Nobody Rides

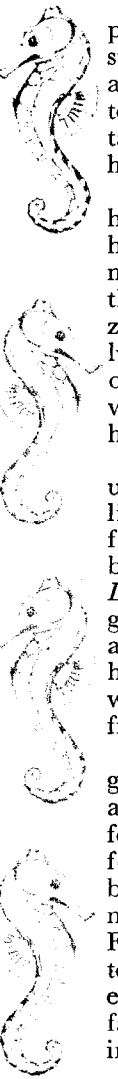
by BURGESS H. SCOTT

FEW CREATURES can equal the little four-inch-long seahorse in reversing nature's well-ordered rules and regulations. For one thing, he is the only fish to swim upright, propelling himself with his long prehensile tail and fast-moving dorsal fin. In fact, his resemblance to a horse is in outline only. Everything else about him is strictly nonequine.

The seahorse pins his hopes of survival on what is probably the most passive means of defense known: he simply tastes so bad that nothing likes him. His safety is further insured by a chameleon-like ability to take on the coloration of the reeds and grasses of his seaweed home.

The seahorse has eyes that operate independently of each other, enabling him to look forward with one for the tiny crustaceans he feeds on, while using the other to look back and guard his rear. He can also look up and down at the same time.

He takes food into his toothless, tubular mouth by means of suction, and will eat nothing but live food. Another feature is a gas bladder which enables him to keep his upright position. If this bladder is damaged, and he loses even the tiniest portion of his gas, the seahorse surrenders to the laws of gravity and sinks to the bottom, there to lie helpless until death overtakes him, or until his bladder heals.



But most amazing is the role he takes in the begetting of new herds of seacolts. The seamare merely provides the eggs and then swims away. After fertilization, the eggs slip mysteriously into a kangaroo-like pouch on the seahorse's stomach, where they remain until they hatch out.

William Beebe, the noted naturalist, observed one sea stallion's motherly-fatherly performance and recorded the birthing in his book, *Nonsuch, Land of Water*, as follows: "As he glided gracefully about the aquarium I saw that he was a horse of unusual beauty. He was full-grown—four inches from snout to tail.

"The parent soon took a firm grip with his tail on a seafern and was swaying back and forth with pouch pushed far forward. As I watched, the body was drawn back, every muscle being brought into play. Five more parental convulsions took place before the pouch was empty and the seahorse was father-mother to 306 seacolts in all."

From *Ford Treasury of the Outdoors*. Copyright, 1952, by Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Published by Simon and Schuster, New York, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The leader of a small but valiant nation speaks out to those who have helped to keep it free

by SYNGMAN RHEE, *President of the Republic of Korea*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THIS TIME of tortured history, there is only one strong barrier that stands between the Communist tyrants and their dream of world conquest—and that barrier is the strength of the United States of America.

This strength is not alone military or industrial; it is largely moral and psychological. It is the same strength that prompted the fathers of the American Revolution to declare their independence in 1776, and it is the same strength which inspired our Korean patriots to declare our independence in 1919.

It is the strength of idealism which led the United States to take the lead in bringing the free world to our support when the Communists attacked us in 1950. It is this same unselfish spirit of brotherhood that leads America to help us with our economic reconstruction and that is attempting to build an alliance of anti-Communist strength in Asia.

I wish the Communist rulers would meditate deeply upon the role that the United States has played in all its history. America never has been a colonial power. When it came into the Philippines and later into South Korea, it was with the aim of liberation and assistance, not aggression.

There is no more ridiculous charge ever made than the repeated propaganda of the Communists that the United States is building up military bases in Asia for purposes of colonialism and imperialism. Exactly the opposite is the case, as has repeatedly been proved; but they recite their lie in order to deceive the uneducated masses.

If I could deliver just one single message to the heart of all America, it would be this: Trust yourselves a little more! Have faith in your own ideals. For truly the American principles and the American ideal are the last great hope of the world.

The people of Asia know America, perhaps better in some ways than the Americans know themselves. It is too bad that American newspapers have so much to say about the supposed dislike and distrust of the peoples of Asia toward the United States. It is too bad there is so much discussion in America of the fact that the only atomic bombs ever used in warfare were those dropped by American aviators upon an Asian people. This kind of self-castigation has partially, at least, closed the eyes of the American people to the tremendous position of strength they hold in our hearts.

Stories such as these are created by the Reds to win over the voting population of every land as part of their Communist revolution campaign. In this way the Soviets have succeeded in making many nations their satellites.

The truth is, the United States is a giant only partly aware of its own strength. When that giant is awakened by some awful catastrophe, as it was at Pearl Harbor, its strength is shown to all the world—as is its generosity and forbearance after the fighting is ended.

Perhaps it is inherent in any democracy that its real power is concealed except in emergencies. In this period of half war, half peace—when every responsible statesman is doing his best to prevent a world disaster—the democracies reveal to everyone their own self-criticisms and their own tendencies to retreat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as far as possible rather than to fight.

Under such circumstances, it is the totalitarian dictatorships that look powerful. While the democracies fear that any show of defensive force might precipitate a world war, the dictatorships launch huge air raids upon democratic areas. When conferences are held, the democracies do all they can to "relieve tension"—while the dictatorships seize that occasion to launch threatening military attacks.

But while the dictatorships look, talk and act fierce, the facts show that they are nothing but paper dragons. Red China has a large army, but the masses of Chinese hate their masters; and there is nowhere in Communist China sufficient industrial power to support a major war. Russia conducts a tremendous game of global bluff, but is weak in oil, coal, and steel—and has behind its Iron Curtain an uneasy collection of captive peoples who long for the opportunity to reassert their historical independence.

What is it that causes some of our friends to be afraid? Is it death that they fear? If so, they should remind themselves that all through human history, brave men and women have had to risk their lives in order slowly and painfully to win the liberties that we enjoy today.

Are they afraid that in another world war, civilization itself may be destroyed? If so, they should take note of the fact that democratic civilization has already been erased from more than half the population of the world. The rest of our civilized areas may also be lost unless we acquire the vision and the courage to defend the great heritage that has come to us from the past.

I deeply believe that the greatest enemy of the free world is its own fearfulness and self-doubt. If this can be overcome in time, the Communist dictatorships can be stopped and the rot that lies behind the Iron Curtain can be exploited to cause its own collapse.

During the past ten years, the ambitions of the Communists have constantly expanded. Now they believe they have built up a military power and a myth of invincibility that will carry them triumphantly through a succession of easy victories to a climactic war of annihilation.

The choices that lie open to the free world today are far more limited than they were ten years ago. There is no security to be won without risk. No one but a demagogue can promise peace and security for freedom except by the painful way of courage and sacrifice.

The role of Korea in world affairs is not one of primary leadership. We are not even a member of the United Nations. We cannot proclaim a program and expect to rally the free nations around us to achieve it. But we do believe in victory. We know what communism is, and we do not think for an instant that it is possible to appease its ambitions. We do not try to coexist with cholera. And we do maintain our hope that this spirit of Korea will yet prove of genuine value to the free world.

Income these days is something you cannot live without nor within.—*Coffee Cup*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the game's most famous players offers some sound advice to all golfers

My Rules for Golf

by BOB HOPE

GOLF IS NOT just a game. It's a quick restorative—a way of life. Better than Benzedrine, it's the psychiatrist's couch, the shot in the arm, the solid night's sleep for ironing out the kinks in your super-ego.

Like Ike, I can't get along without golf. But I could easily dispense with one thing—the player who adopts golf as a necessary evil rather than a healthy sport. Believe me, whether you play in a hometown foursome or a charity tournament, those players—beginners and veterans—are all too many.

For all they really feel about golf, they might as well tell you that a caddie is something to put tea in. True, golf may be only a game—but let's make a plea to play it, if not always as a gentleman, at least as a human being. Whether you're in Hogan's class, or a hacker like me, the rules of good manners are the same for everyone.

And that's what I'm getting at. Let's have a sign on the wall of the locker room of every golf course, that says: *Par for This Course—Politeness and 80.* It should be on all courses, professional and amateur, from champion course to pitch-and-putt—and every player should read it before he goes out into the sunlight.

Good manners in golf, as I and everyone else who loves the game see them, go deeper than merely obeying the rules. If you're naturally thoughtful you'll get by most of the time, but in the excitement

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the game, you may forget that:

It's courteous not to move or talk while someone is making a stroke. It's tough enough to keep your eye on the ball, without the added distractions of someone rattling clubs or striking a match.

In the same category go loud cries of joy at spotting friends across the fairway. Raise a hand in greeting, but keep the voice down. Preserve your larynx, and don't startle all the other players on the course. While the odds are 8,436 to 1 against their making it, they'll always feel, resentfully, that the shot you ruined might have been a hole-in-one.

Another point of courtesy that escapes many players is not walking on the green between anyone's ball and the hole. You're likely to depress the green with your golf shoes, which will deflect the other person's putt.

LEANING HEAVILY on your putter, or squatting on the green while you wait for your turn to play, will leave uneven turf for the people coming along behind you, even if it doesn't affect the play of your own party.

Another small point of manners too often overlooked is: don't concede putts to yourself. No matter how friendly the game or how close your ball to the hole, play it out unless your opponent *offers* to concede.

If you're the host and your guest doesn't know the course, it's courteous—although not approved by golf rules—to put him wise to any special hazards on the first time around. Conversely, if you're the guest and your host doesn't proffer a tip on whether there's a creek or sand trap behind that hill, don't ask.

It's never good manners to offer advice on how to handle any normal strokes. You wouldn't advise a friend on how to play his poker hand; on the golf course, you play your ball and let him play his.

Don't be a score bore. If you're the scorekeeper, ask for scores on the way from green to tee, put them down as they're called, and avoid haggling if you think someone's forgotten a shot. If he forgets too many of them, you can either keep a careful tally on him for yourself, or refuse to play with him again.

It's only common courtesy not to litter the course with empty match packets, broken tees and cigarette wrappings. There's usually a trash basket at every tee—and if there isn't, put the debris in your pocket until you return to the clubhouse.

A fellow player called, if I remember rightly, something-Crosby, makes a point of manners that I approve. He says, "It's a sort of unwritten code that all office woes, politics and the like must be left behind. While you're on the fairway, the conversation should be light and away from business."

When you're sharing caddie services, spare a thought for the poor chap and don't expect him to tote a heavy leather bag loaded with all 14 clubs allowed by the rules. Take only the necessary clubs, and try to borrow a light canvas bag for the day.

Usually a double-caddie accompanies the player who will shoot first. Be courteous enough either to choose the club you want, or take the bag yourself before you part company, rather than make the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Par for the 19th Hole

Golf depends on your point of view. That means—when you look at a sand trap from the tee, it looks like a small puddle. When you're in it, it's Texas taking a deep breath.

One of my favorite golf stories is the one about the two magicians who were playing a round. The first stepped up to the tee, swung and made a hole in one. Then the second magician stepped up and did the same thing. Silently, they walked to the green and took their balls out of the cup. Then one said to the other, "What do you say we cut out the miracle stuff and play a little golf?"

Par is a standard of strokes per hole which is achieved either by skill or luck, depending on whether you or your opponent achieved it.

After a particularly brutal hassle with a sand trap, a young executive attempted to put up a show of good sportsmanship. "Funny game, golf!" he said. The caddy didn't crack a smile. "It isn't meant to be," he observed.

It's no secret that Crosby is my choice for a permanent golf crony, despite the fact that he wins more than I do. Why wouldn't he win? He cheats.

Archbishop Mooney of Detroit is credited with some classic advice on the place of golf in the life of the Church. "If your score is over 100, you are neglecting your golf," he said to a young priest. "If it falls below 90, you are neglecting your parish."

Teaching your wife to play golf is the reverse of teaching her to drive a car. With golf, she never hits anything; with a car, she never seems to miss.

caddie waste time and energy trekking back to join you for your shot.

All the good manners in golf are not limited to the golfers. After all the tournaments and display matches Bing and I have played, we're agreed that eager spectators are often a bigger hazard than sand traps.

Unruly spectators go against my grain, I think, more than they would most players, because as Bing and I are in show business, we tend to draw the hecklers and wise guys who perhaps don't realize that we take our golf as seriously as we do.

One incident I shall never forget. Bing and I had been cajoled into wearing Hawaiian shirts at a Chicago tournament and on one tee, as I was about to drive, a smart guy picked on the aloha shirt flapping around my hips.

"Hey, Bob!" he yelled, "your slip's showing!"

I let the snicker subside, and then carefully looking him over, I said, "Your father's slip is showing, too."

It shut him up all right, but it doesn't always work that easily. Spectators, according to a sportswriter, can be classed in a range from Most Profane (hockey) through Worst Behaved (baseball) to Most Craven (golf). But from the way most golf spectators get in your way,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you couldn't prove that by me!

Whether it's a big championship, or only a local club tournament where spectators are wives, daughters and their friends, good manners require leaving enough space for the match to be played.

Don't, if you're a spectator, unnerve the players by happy "Halloos!" of greeting, or waving scarves like a semaphore to attract the attention of Mrs. Jones on the other side of the fairway. Please remember—this is a golf match, not a bullfight.

Last of all—but probably the spot where good manners fail most often—is the courtesy that shows in the shower room and at the 19th hole. If you're a guest, be extra careful in the shower room. Use it —don't abuse it. Find out from your host who should be tipped and the customary amount.

When you reach the 19th hole, don't hang over the bar and bore everyone with a stroke-by-stroke description of your prowess.

If it's a club where members sign a chit, don't work up a storm about "This round on me, old chap. You sign and *I'll* pay you back." Accept the hospitality with grace and favor, and return it another day at your own club or via lunch or dinner invitation.

Remember that golf is a game the addict takes seriously, whether he admits it or not. He takes it, in fact, a lot more seriously than he takes himself. Good manners demand that you play along with him.

THIS BEAUTIFUL SKOTCH GRILL IS YOURS FOR SENDING US 3 CORONET SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Perfect for picnics and beach parties. Burnproof, porcelainized firepot in plaid design with contrasting bands of ebony black. Convenient to carry, easy to handle.

To get SKOTCH GRILL, just take 3 one-year CORONET subscription orders at $3.00 each from friends, neighbors, relatives. New, renewal and gift subscriptions count *except* your own. Subscriptions to be sold at Publishers' advertised prices. Offer good in U.S. and Canada only.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your name, address and full remittance. Sorry, no grills sold for cash. **Send to:**

CORONET Magazine, Dept. 50, 488 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We Know Your Voice..."

It rang inspiring words that will for all time stir men's souls

by BUD GREENSPAN

YOU WERE BORN in England like so many of the early patriots who fought for liberty. In 1752, those who came before you to the Colonies realized the need for a strong voice and they called upon you to take the long trip across the sea from the Old World to the New.

You moved immediately to Philadelphia and there you realized, even though you were not strong, that you must join these men in their fight for freedom. You had a motto and it stirred men's hearts when they spoke of it. You said: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

And on a day in September, 1752, they finally asked you to speak out, but you were unequal to the task. You began to speak but you faltered. They believed in you but you could not tell them of your ailment. It was suggested that you should recuperate in your birthplace across the sea, but Philadelphia was your home and you remained.

For ten months, you received the best of care and in June, 1753, you were at last ready to put your voice toward the great cause. It was you who called the Conventions of the Philadelphia Assembly and it was you who bid goodbye to Benjamin Franklin as he embarked for England, carrying with him a petition of grievance from the Colony in 1757.

You dramatically spoke out many times during the next eight years, but it was with sadness that you greeted the British ship *Royal Charlotte* as she docked in the Delaware river, bringing stamps for the infamous taxation imposed by the mother country.

So the years went by and the historic happenings were measured by the happiness in your voice. You became the guidepost for the citizenry of the yet-to-be-formed nation through the years of heartbreak that preceded Independence; yet you remained constant and strong though many times you were forced to speak in muffled tones.

Then came that great day of July 8, 1776, when you, still a young patriot of 24 years, came forth with that booming crystal clear voice to announce to all freedom-loving men that a new nation was born. They laughed and cried as you spoke out, but they listened. All through the day and night you recited your message throughout the joyous streets of Philadelphia: "Liberty to all the land and all the inhabitants!"

War came, the British Army forced you to flee Philadelphia, and for many months you lay hidden beneath the floor of a church, on free soil.

It was a solemn moment, that autumn day in 1781, when you told your tired armies that Corn-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wallis had surrendered, and again they laughed and cried. It would take almost two years before the Proclamation of Peace between the two nations, when once more they called on you to announce the news to the people.

Now your work was over. The nation was formed. You would retire to your home in Philadelphia.

Then, 16 years later, they called upon you to perform the saddest duty of your life. It was a cold day in December, 1799, when George Washington passed away and you, with quiet tones, gave the news to saddened citizens. Though you were only 47 years old, you were tired and sick and your voice was dull and muffled.

You were not talked about much in the years that followed. You remained in Philadelphia while the nation grew in strength. The Capital moved from Philadelphia to Washington and there, new voices spoke for the Republic.

Time passed. Now you were 83 years old and incredibly had outlived the younger, stronger patriots whom you joined in the Great Cause. It was most fitting that on July 8, 1835, when the body of John Marshall was being taken from Philadelphia to Washington, your voice should be heard for the last time. There was a certain magnificence in the scene as you, a tired and aged warrior, rang out the inspiring words that would for all time stir men's souls. For the last time you said:

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Then you were silent.

A nation does not forget the greatness of the great and a devoted people would not forget you. For you still stand as a majestic symbol for all men of good heart, while your Philadelphia home is a yearly shrine for thousands who remember the glory of your past. Those of the past knew your voice, while we of today know your heritage. To all of us you will always be the Liberty Bell.

Reason Enough

BRITISH SCIENTISTS, pausing to watch three construction workers wheeling loads of bricks, were impressed by the fact that two were pushing their wheelbarrows while the third pulled his.

Convinced that they had stumbled on something that possibly could revolutionize the British construction industry, the scientists called their staffs together. But though they held lengthy discussions, no one could come up with a logical reason why one man was pulling his wheelbarrow. Consultants were brought in and the conferences continued until at length someone suggested calling the eccentric bricklayer and asking him.

This was done and the man was ushered in with great formality, told to sit down and take his time in answering the question because it was of the greatest scientific importance.

After taking his time as instructed, the puzzled bricklayer said: "Gov'nor, sure I can tell you why I pull my wheelbarrow. I can't stand the sight of the bloomin' thing."

—UNITED MINE WORKERS JOURNAL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A scientific quiz to test the dominance of your sex characteristics

How Masculine or Feminine Are You?

by R. B. AMBER
Consulting Psychologist

NO NORMAL PERSON is 100 per cent male or female; each of us is a combination of masculine and feminine traits. Throughout life, our bodies manufacture both male and female sex hormones. A man's body produces many more male hormones than female, and vice versa. That is why masculine characteristics predominate in men, and feminine in women.

In our civilization, aggression and desire for adventure, being objective and engrossed in sports and business are basic masculine attributes. Gentleness, affection for children, eagerness to work with people and being subjective and aesthetic, are feminine attributes.

It's fortunate that every man has a bit of woman in his make-up, and every woman a few male characteristics. A judicious combination proves a big aid toward understanding the opposite sex, makes life more interesting and fosters an appreciation of a variety of subjects.

Leading psychologists have evolved sex-personality tests to chart your masculine-feminine index, based on interests, preferences, ideals and values in which the sexes differ materially.

Many of the results are surprising. The happiest married women have a blend of masculine-feminine traits; the ultra-feminine are apt to be unhappy. In masculinity, divorced women and unhappily married men rate consistently higher than the happily wed.

Housewives and dressmakers score high in femininity; nurses and intellectuals in masculine traits. Ranking highest in masculinity are engineers and architects; lowest are editors, clergymen and artists.

Assess your own masculinity and femininity by following instructions and doing these tests in the order listed. For your score, please turn to page 75.

(Continued on next page)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PART I

Without stopping to think, underline the word (a, b or c) that seems to fit best with the capitalized word:

	A	B	C
1. DANCE	ballet	square	social
2. MOVIES	western	comedy	romance
3. SPORTS	football	skating	tennis
4. ISOLATION	politics	loneliness	contagion
5. RELIGION	uplifting	crutch	church
6. DATE	fruit	appointment	historical
7. ORDER	neatness	command	system
8. PUSH	baby cart	load	battle
9. COLOR	pink	blue	gray
10. TOYS	doll	train	ball
11. RECREATION	fishing	golf	bingo
12. CLOTHING	fashion	shirt	coat
13. SNAKE	reptile	crawls	strikes
14. FIGHT	quarrel	battle	fear
15. PAPER	news	crepe	wrapping
16. CASE	bullet	lipstick	container
17. BOTTLE	liquor	perfume	milk
18. GAME	Canasta	poker	mah-jong
19. BRACE	support	pair	suspenders
20. CAT	animal	pet	tiger
21. NAG	horse	shrew	pain
22. DRINK	water	cordial	Scotch
23. SOLDIER	uniform	patriot	adventure
24. BEAUTY	statue	woman	baby

PART II

Write the letters "ghijk" as though they formed a word. Then print the same letters in capitals. Write in small letters the word: ringing. Print in capitals the word: WRITING.

PART III

Check *yes* or *no* to each question that follows:

	Yes	*No*
1. Are you afraid of the dark?	___	___
2. Is your appearance of the utmost importance to you?	___	___
3. Do you prefer to initiate new ideas?	___	___
4. Are you hurt by even mild criticism?	___	___
5. Are you interested in running for political or club office?	___	___
6. Have you read three fiction books the past year?	___	___
7. Are you repelled by poor grammar or bad manners?	___	___
8. Would you attempt a flight to the moon in a rocket?	___	___
9. Do you feel you should give alms to street beggars?	___	___
10. Do you enjoy fashioning and repairing furniture?	___	___
11. Should U.S. foreign policy become more aggressive?	___	___
12. Do you usually feel it if someone stares at your back?	___	___
13. Do redheads have worse tempers than brunettes?	___	___
14. Do you consider Washington greater than Lincoln?	___	___

PART IV

Underline the words or phrases (a, b or c) that most logically complete each sentence.

1. A nude female: a) is a beautiful creature; b) should be covered up; c) is found on a calendar.
2. War is: a) inevitable; b) horrible; c) adventuresome.
3. I like to work with: a) children; b) tools; c) others.
4. A tiger is: a) a big cat; b) vicious; c) majestic.
5. Going to church weekly is: a) a pleasure; b) part of one's life; c) optional.
6. The most rewarding profession is: a) doctor; b) clergyman; c) lawyer.
7. A woman should be: a) herself; b) well dressed; c) modest.
8. Housekeeping is: a) like any other job; b) boring; c) gratifying.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9. A successful politician must be: a) selfish; b) dishonest; c) public minded.
10. Hunting as a sport should be: a) licensed; b) discouraged; c) encouraged.
11. A mechanic's work is: a) necessary; b) interesting; c) tedious.
12. I'd rather be: a) an explorer; b) a salesperson; c) an interior decorator.
13. The sport of boxing is: a) brutal; b) thrilling; c) tough.
14. If I had a choice I'd rather work: a) indoors; b) outdoors; c) no preference.

SCORING

PART I

For each answer corresponding to the one indicated below, score yourself the points stated.

QUES.	*a*	*b*	*c*	*QUES.*	*a*	*b*	*c*
1.	0	0	1	13.	0	0	4
2.	2	0	0	14.	0	4	0
3.	2	0	0	15.	4	0	2
4.	2	0	0	16.	4	0	0
5.	0	2	0	17.	2	0	0
6.	4	0	2	18.	0	2	0
7.	0	4	0	19.	0	2	4
8.	0	2	4	20.	0	0	3
9.	0	4	0	21.	2	0	0
10.	0	4	2	22.	0	0	4
11.	4	2	0	23.	0	0	4
12.	0	2	0	24.	0	2	0

PART II

If most I's, both small and capital, are level with the other letters throughout, score zero. If at least two I's are smaller than their adjoining letters, score 1. If two or more I's are larger than their adjoining letters, score 2.

PART III

QUES.	*YES*	*NO*	*QUES.*	*YES*	*NO*
1.	0	2	8.	2	0
2.	0	2	9.	0	2
3.	2	0	10.	2	0
4.	0	2	11.	2	0
5.	4	0	12.	0	3
6.	0	4	13.	0	2
7.	0	2	14.	2	0

PART IV

QUES.	*a*	*b*	*c*	*QUES.*	*a*	*b*	*c*
1.	4	0	0	8.	0	4	0
2.	0	0	4	9.	0	0	2
3.	0	3	0	10.	0	0	4
4.	0	0	2	11.	0	4	0
5.	0	0	2	12.	3	0	0
6.	2	0	0	13.	0	4	2
7.	4	0	0	14.	0	2	0

Add up your scores for Parts I, II, III and IV.

WHAT YOUR TOTAL SCORE MEANS

FOR MEN: If your total is between 65 and 85, you possess a well-adjusted, judicious combination of sex traits for a male; 88 or above means that you'd have a more pleasing personality if you tempered your over-aggressiveness. Should your total fall below 62, you had better strive to be more forceful and masculine.

FOR WOMEN: If you score between 35 and 55, your personality is just right for a charming female; 58 or above means you should try to become somewhat more docile. Should your score fall below 32, you need a little more masculine push and courage to round out your personality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEVERAL WOMEN, noticing a policeman upbraiding another woman in the middle of a downtown Los Angeles street, rushed out to get a closer view. All were fined like the first—for jaywalking.

—CAROL FRIEDMAN

WHEN A 73-YEAR-OLD motorist appeared in a Rhode Island traffic court for a minor violation, the judge questioned the advisability of his driving without eyeglasses. To prove his vision was of the best, the oldster neatly threaded a needle for the benefit of the court. Then the judge tried—and failed—and the case was abruptly dismissed.

—CHARLIE PHILLIPS

IN HER FIRST American-made movie, Marlene Dietrich achieved a close-up look which was described by the critics as the essence of mystery and sex.

"I did it by following the director's instructions to stare first at Lamp No. 1, then turn slowly to Lamp No. 2, then Lamp No. 3," she revealed, "and all the while through my mind went the words, 'No, no, no.'"

—LEONARD LYONS

JUANITO, a ten-year-old newsboy in a South American resort town, had mastered some English for the tourist trade, but not enough of the North Americans' baffling sense of immediacy. One day, he sold a paper to a northern visitor and, pocketing his centavos, was well up the street when he was overtaken by an angry roar.

"Come back here!" shouted the customer. "Today is Friday and this is last Tuesday's paper!"

Unruffled, the lad returned and asked confidentially, "Señor, haf you read eet?"

"W-well, no," the tourist admitted.

"So!" said Juanito, his shoulders expressive. "Then wot's the deeference?"

—DEVERE ALLEN

A LADY SHOPPING in the garden department of a local department store noticed an object strange to her and asked the clerk what it was.

"It's a sundial," he told her, and patiently explained how the sun's shadow moving across the dial would indicate the time of day.

"My," said the lady, "what will they think of next!"

—FRANK ROSSITER in *The Savannah* (Ga.) *Morning News*

WHEN MY NEPHEW came home at the end of his first year at college, he would talk about nothing but the infallibility of mathematics. His father listened to this as long as he could and finally asked the boy, "Is this an accurate mathematical statement? I have one thing, and you have one thing. We exchange. Each of us still has one thing. Is that correct?"

His son nodded confidently.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMEDY

"Well, then," his father went on, "if you have one dollar and I have one dollar, and we exchange, we each have one dollar. But if I have one idea and you have one idea and we exchange, we each have two ideas. Right?"

His son is still trying to figure it out . . . mathematically.—ANNE SCHOTT

AN AUTO MANUFACTURER, proud of his assembly line, advertised extensively that, in a test, a car had been put together in exactly six minutes.

One day he received a phone call. "Is that advertisement about the six-minute assembly true?" a man's voice asked politely.

"Yes, sir," the manufacturer assured him, "an auto was actually turned out in that time."

"Well, I just wanted to know," the voice said. "I believe I have the honor of owning that car."—*Acid Fumes*

VOLTAIRE ONCE REMARKED of a gentleman he knew slightly: "A very able man. A fine character."

"That's kind of you," a visitor observed, "because he said that you were a mean old wretch."

"Well," Voltaire smiled, "perhaps we are both mistaken."

—A. M. A. *Journal*

FOLLOWING WORLD WAR II, a pair of German artists began restoring frescoes in a church damaged during the bombings. The announcement, soon afterward, that they had uncovered painted-over pictures dating back to the thirteenth century, caused wide interest in the European art world.

A year later, one of the artists confessed that the frescoes were bogus. But no one would believe him until it was noticed that there were two turkeys in the "thirteenth-century" frescoes. Turkeys were unknown in Europe until after Columbus discovered America.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"YOUR ADS sure bring results," wrote a woman to the *Arizona Star*. "My lost dog has been returned—with four pups."

—BERNARD SCHAYNE

COMEDIAN JOE FRISCO is fighting the Hollywood custom of grossly exorbitant compliments for friend, foe and stranger, alike, by carrying it out to even greater extremes.

While sitting in his dressing-room the other day there came an unexpected knock at the door. "You never looked better in your life," Joe yelled, exuberantly. "Come in!"

—*Answers*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Though not yet complete, the influence of this great edifice reaches far beyond its original scope

Washington's National Cathedral

by Scott Hart

George Washington must have uttered a prayer for an unborn nation during the bleak winter of Valley Forge. In those cold days, the snow, the solemn sky and trees became a church where ragged men shivered in congregation—a place where the national conscience spoke of hope and aspiration.

Later, George Washington must have remembered, for when he became President and planned the Federal City on the Potomac, he spoke of a church, not for a local congregation but one for all people, to serve the nation's soul.

Today, the great gray cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul—the National Cathedral—rises stone on slow stone upon Mount St. Alban in Washington, D. C. It is rising for present and distant generations in the time-unbothered way of classic cathedrals, but peculiarly as a church for all people, just as George Washington desired.

It is perhaps the most unhurried project in America. Indeed, nothing came of Washington's wish for years through fear that a national church might contravene the doctrine of separation of church and state. But this was surmounted in 1893, when Congress created the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Foundation for promotion of religion, education and charity. And thus, the Cathedral's foundation stone was dedicated in 1907 before a throng of bareheaded men who peeped around the sides of ladies' enormous hats toward the vigorous figure of Teddy Roosevelt on the speakers' stand.

Time seems motionless with cathedrals; five years passed before a service was held within the building. And now, 43 years later, the Gothic structure is but three-fifths finished, with its final stone nowhere in sight.

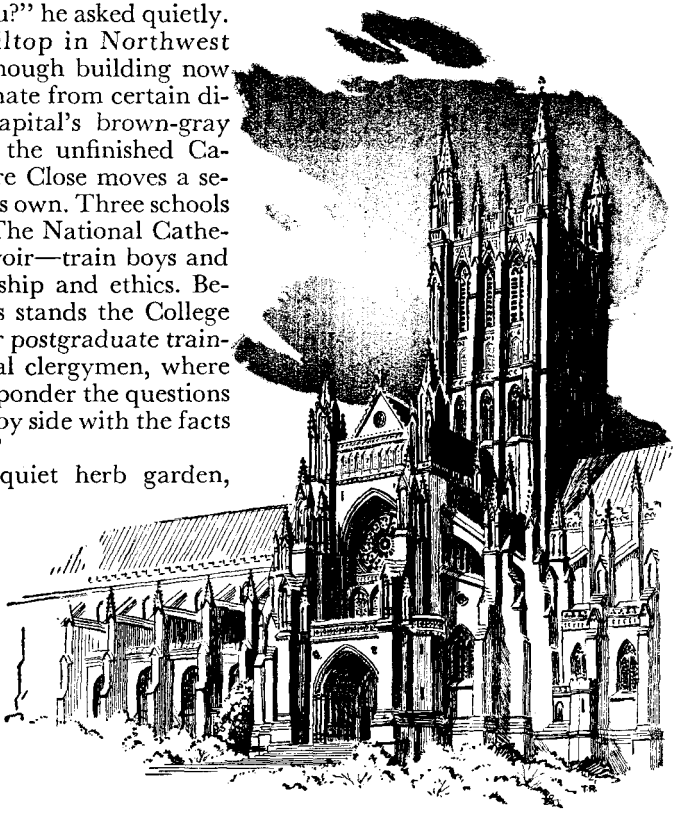
Few at the Cathedral talk of the end. Yet impatience sometimes creeps through. A churchman once said to another, "What we need here are ten more draftsmen." The other looked at the gray edifice, part-finished among the Mt. St. Alban oaks. "You couldn't write a better sermon with ten more secre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taries, could you?" he asked quietly.

From its hilltop in Northwest Washington, enough building now stands to dominate from certain directions the Capital's brown-gray skyline. Inside the unfinished Cathedral's 57-acre Close moves a secluded life all its own. Three schools —St. Albans, The National Cathedral and Beauvoir—train boys and girls in scholarship and ethics. Beside the schools stands the College of Preachers for postgraduate training of Episcopal clergymen, where students may "ponder the questions of the day side by side with the facts of the Gospel."

There is a quiet herb garden, hemmed by a curving wall, from which savory, thyme, sweet marjoram and flowers are shipped to customers in 48 states and abroad. There is a Christmas card industry now reaching a startling success from an idea 29 years ago that many Americans at Christmastime would rather use essentially religious cards than gay greetings. Cathedral authorities turned to Van Dyck, Raphael, Murillo and others for illustrations and issued 5,000 12-card sets.



Each September now, samples go to 100,000 prospective customers; by New Year's Day more than two million cards are sold. So quietly is the work performed that few visitors to the Close know of its existence.

The cards, herbs and schools, along with old-fashioned flower shows, strawberry festivals and luncheons by Cathedral friends throughout America, bring driblets of money toward the $15,000,000 needed to finish the building and support the present activities. Sometimes a rich man makes a sizeable bequest; sometimes a big-time baseball player autographs base-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

balls for sale at benefit flower shows. Sometimes when the big church is nearly empty (22 services are held a week), a visitor quietly marvels at the Gothic beauty of the strong Indiana limestones.

He discovers he may place one in memoriam to someone, at little cost. A small stone may be placed for $10, a moulded stone for $50, a carved stone for $250 and up. Or, if wealthy, he may donate anywhere from $25,000 to $50,000 for a stained-glass window, or build the great central Gloria in Excelsis tower with a gift of $2,500,000.

One day a visitor watched a stone-carver creating a small intricate head in a wide mass of carving, where the head from any distance seemed minute and unimportant.

"Why do you take such pains on the back of the head?" the visitor asked. "Nobody can see back there."

"God can see back there," the carver said.

A quiet pride is evident everywhere. The National Cathedral, a Protestant Episcopal edifice, is perhaps unique in welcoming other denominations for worship. In the past, Russian Orthodox, Syrian Orthodox, and Jewish congregations have held services there. And some hidden appeal in its national scope, as Washington wanted it, creates fellowship.

One manifestation came with the announcement that the United Daughters of the Confederacy would erect two bays with stained glass windows to the memory of Lee and Jackson. From New York came a telegram: "The decision for Lee memorial appeals to us as statesmanlike, fraternal and highly desirable. Therefore a group of dam-yankees sends $250 to start ball rolling in a challenge to the sons of Dixie to match contributions."

The Cathedral, like its townspiece, the Smithsonian Institution, is too big to be known entirely to visiting millions. See it with such an expert as Canon G. Gardner Monks and he stops unexpectedly before a mass of wall carving, aiming a whimsical finger. "Those are little church mice, very tiny." And again: "The little carving up there is the Mellon Art Gallery." And at any one of the interior doors: "Look closely at the knobs. There are little figures, exquisitely delicate, lost to those passing hurriedly in the high immensity of gray walls and the more apparent sights like the great Rose Window."

This window, one of 80 stained-glass pieces, is 26 feet in diameter. In the center multifoil is a lifesize figure of Christ, as Judge. Into the window went 9,000 individual pieces of glass and from its predominant colorings of red and blue stream a purple-violet twilight.

At the Cathedral, subjects of talk change: the sculptor, Herbert Haseltine, is in Paris doing an equestrian statue of George Washington for the Cathedral. . . . It will stand on a granite base at the foot of the Pilgrims' Steps and the bronze rider will look up at the church Washington wanted. . . . The statue just

I CAN PROVE THERE IS A GOD
by Lillian Roth
The author of the famous best seller, *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, tells how you can find help and inspiration from faith in an Outside Power.
In August Coronet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inside the parclose is of Lincoln in prayer. A Pennsylvanian saw him thus in a field near Gettysburg and handed down the story to his sculptor grandson. . . . The array of state flags just overhead; one is carried foremost each Sunday in the processionals. . . . And the elaborate carvings. Some, like the church mice, are whimsy, but others, like the heads of fighter pilots, soldiers and Marines in the War Memorial Shrine, are calculated to place contemporary heroism in union with the saints in ancient sacrifice.

OVER THERE at work is Alexander Ewan, chief mason, a Scotsman in America since 1905, who has watched the building rise by hand in the tradition of Gothic construction. He sweats over his two-score helpers, preaching to them the almost lost arts of Gothic construction. He groans, too, for money to finish the work before he dies, fearing less skillful hands.

Encouraging Ewan is the Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre, Jr., at 40 the Cathedral's Dean. Once a combat Navy chaplain, he carries his height erectly, is a striding figure among the high walls. Much of his energy goes to fund-raising; all of his eye is on the Cathedral's growth and uses.

He was the last person born in the White House. His grandfather, Woodrow Wilson, a Presbyterian, is buried in the great church Sayre helps to build—America's nearest thing to a Westminster Abbey.

Now, with more of the building finished, the national and international character of the Cathedral widens to fulfill a church envisaged not only by Washington but by Major Pierre L'Enfant, designer of the Capital. Said L'Enfant, when the city was but a plan on a swamp: "A church (should be established) for national purposes such as public prayer, thanksgiving, funeral orations, etc.; and be assigned to the special use of no particular denomination or sect; but be equally open to all. It will likewise be a shelter for such monuments as were voted by the last Continental Congress for the heroes who fell in the cause of liberty."

Foreigners come and leave presents of memorable imprint. Upon the coronation in 1930 of Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, a prayer was said at the Cathedral for his well-being. Appreciative, the Emperor sent an elaborate silver and gold cross. In May, 1954, Selassie visited the Cathedral and saw the cross carried in processional. He quietly gave another cross, one of solid gold, and, smiling, walked to the Bishop's Garden and planted a rose bush.

In 1951, Princess Elizabeth of England paused in the Cathedral's Chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea beside a cross and matching candlesticks given by her father, King George VI. The King's gift was in appreciation for the Cathedral's hospitality to British service people in World War II; his desire was to give the Cathedral a replica of the altar plate belonging to the Royal Victorian Order in the Chapel of the Savoy in London.

He kept the matter to himself for a while, then summoned J. Francis Coote, British designer of church metalwork, and instructed him to duplicate the silver cross and candlesticks that were sent to America

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for protection during the war. The presents reached the Cathedral by diplomatic pouch.

Exploits of ancient England blend at many turns with present-day England's interest in the Cathedral. The central bas-relief of the Canterbury Pulpit depicts the historic signing of Magna Carta. The ornately-carved pulpit, at the southeast corner of the Crossing, was given in memory of Stephen Langton, leader of the barons when Magna Carta was granted in 1215.

A silent sense of awe is deep in the people who know the Cathedral best. Its intricate beauty, quietly enlarging under Philip Hubert Frohman, the architect and America's outstanding authority on religious structures, could be without complete realization in a lifetime of study.

A great missionary church with responsibility for no fixed congregation (one-fourth of the people at any service are newcomers), its influence swings out now to churches for miles around. And its expanding activity, beyond the scope exacted by Washington and L'Enfant, already strikes spiritual sparks which some people predict will eventually make the Capital the religious seat of America.

The slowly-growing size of the Cathedral does not overwhelmingly impress the churchman. One visitor pointed to the four central pillars, each 37 feet in base diameter, and asked: "Aren't those the largest in the world?" They are. But a churchman replied, "What difference does it make?"

He meant, without explaining, that what really matters is the Cathedral's work under the Rt. Rev. Angus Dun, Episcopal Bishop of Washington; and the exquisite Rose Window and the quiet Bethlehem Chapel, and the boys and girls in the three schools, and the services by different denominations. He thought, too, of the impressive Cathedral choir and the Christmas Eve and Easter services when people belonging to 48 states come in and mysterious twilights lie on the high stained windows.

The National Cathedral, experts say, will stand when nearly every other building in Washington is gone. Of pure Gothic, it is held together by gravity; none of the strain is carried by steel and it will grow stronger with time. When completed, it will rank sixth in size in the world, with St. Peter's in Rome the largest. Its spires will stand high some day above the gray oaks of Mt. St. Alban. And when the last block of Indiana limestone is placed in the Gloria in Excelsis tower by Alec Ewan or men he has trained, the church of George Washington's dream will stand 107 feet higher than the 555-foot Washington Monument.

Alarm at Sunset

ONE EVENING LONG AGO in Amherst, Massachusetts, Edward Dickinson, father of poetess Emily Dickinson, rang the town fire bell. As the townspeople poured from their houses shouting, "Where's the fire?" he pointed to a gorgeous pink and gold sunset. He had summoned his neighbors to share his pleasure. —HALFORD E. LUCCOCK in *Like A Mighty* (Oxford Univ. Press)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPECIAL FEATURE

THE Shakespeare MURDER MYSTERY

Illustrated by GUSTAV REHBERGER

THIS IS THE STORY of a murder that rivals any ever written. All the elements of fiction—even a mysterious body and a "private investigator"—are here; yet it is not fiction. On the contrary, it is the story of a search for evidence to prove that the greatest injustice in literary history is still being perpetrated.
—THE EDITORS

From the book "THE MURDER OF THE MAN WHO WAS 'SHAKESPEARE,'" BY CALVIN HOFFMAN. Copyright 1955, by Calvin Hoffman. Published by Julian Messner, Inc. A longer version of this article by Robert Heilbroner appeared in the December, 1954, issue of *Esquire*.

PRODUCED BY NNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE 30TH OF MAY, 1593, dawned uneventfully in the small town of Deptford, a few miles outside London. In the river, Sir Francis Drake's fabulous caravel, the *Golden Hind*, lay at anchor; it had drawn many visitors, including Queen Elizabeth herself. The townspeople arose that morning, congratulated themselves that the plague devastating London had spared their community and prepared for a fresh influx of visitors.

Little notice was taken of the arrival of four men, three of them of dubious repute. One, a dagger at his belt, was a gentleman sharper and spy, Ingram Frizer. A second was Nicholas Skeres, who often acted as a decoy for Frizer. A third was an adulterer and government secret agent, Robert Poley, by reputation unsavory.

The fourth was a young man whose name was often spelled Marlin or Morley or Marlo, but whom we know as Christopher Marlowe, greatest poet, dramatist and literary genius until the emergence of William Shakespeare.

The four repaired to a tavern owned by Dame Eleanor Bull. According to the later report of William Danby, coroner, the four "passed the time together and dined and after dinner . . . walked in the garden until the sixth hour after noon . . . and in company supped."

After supper, Marlowe lay down, while the other three sat side by side on a bench, their backs to Marlowe on the bed. A dispute arose: Frizer and Marlowe "uttered one to the other divers malicious words" about the reckoning at the inn.

Frizer's dagger dangled within Marlowe's grasp. Infuriated, the poet snatched it and struck. Frizer grabbed his hand and "in that affray . . . gave the said Christopher a mortal wound over his right eye . . . of which wound the aforesaid Morley instantly died."

The coroner called at the tavern, noted that Frizer did not flee, but pleaded self-defense, and threw him in jail.

Marlowe was buried on June 1st, in an unknown grave, with only the epitaph of a vicar's registry in the little Deptford church: "1st June 1593. Christopher Marlow slaine by ffrancis ffrezer." The "ffrancis" was clearly an error, and there was another error—of staggering proportions.

Thus exits the most towering and promising literary genius up to the year 1593. And thus enters Calvin Hoff-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mary of Scotland

Elizabeth of England

man, 343 years later, to begin one of the most fantastic literary detective feats of all time.

Hoffman, when his quest began in 1936, was a stocky, sandy-haired young man with a quick manner of speaking and a love for the theater. At 15, he was lured by Hollywood as a hopeful actor, then returned to New York to study English and write plays.

One eventful day, Hoffman picked up a copy of the works of Marlowe, and that unpremeditated gesture started him on a saga which has occupied him almost constantly for 19 years. It has driven him through dusty library stacks, plunged him into the annals of Elizabethan crime and courtly life, impelled him to swing a mine detector over the grounds of an English manor. It has brought him up against indifference and mockery that would have dissuaded a man of less ardor and sincerity. And today, at 46, Hoffman is in a position to make literary history.

What roused his suspicions and started him off back in 1936 was the astonishing parallelisms between Marlowe's "mighty line" and the soaring words of another well-known English writer, William Shakespeare. He made a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few casual notes; for example, Shakespeare had only once used the phrase "rose-cheek'd Adonis," and so had Marlowe. The notes grew to encompass a volume; and the suspicions to a conviction that Shakespeare's works were not written by Shakespeare.

The authorship theory is not new. At least half a dozen substitutes for Shakespeare have been put forth with varying degrees of persuasiveness and sincerity—Edward de Vere, talented Earl of Oxford; Francis Bacon, great philosophic genius of his day; the Countess of Pembroke; "another man by the name of William Shakesper"; and still others. All stem from some very disquieting facts about Shakespeare himself. Or perhaps one should say from a *lack* of facts.

UNTIL 1593, when *Venus and Adonis* was published with a dedication signed by Shakespeare, what we actually know about the man is just this and no more: He was born of burgess folk in the town of Stratford and baptized April 26, 1564. He was married November 27, 1582. He became a father the following year and again (of twins) in 1585.

From 1593 on, we know not much more. We have records of his joining various theatrical companies and becoming a sharer in the famous Globe and Blackfriar Theatres, of his appearing in court as a witness and as a litigant, of his purchasing a house and grounds. We have his will and his date of death. And we have his plays.

But even his plays are not direct evidence of authorship. There is no manuscript in Shakespeare's handwriting, so that by "his plays" we mean those with his name on the title page. Most did not appear in print until seven years after his death, in the *First Folio*, published in 1623.

In fact, of the 36 plays in the *Folio* only 18 had been previously published, and some were not attributed to any author. In addition, a few plays which appeared after the *First Folio* have been credited by some scholars to his name; while others, published before his death with his name on the title page, have not.

Most Shakespeare authorities credit other men with collaboration in at least some of his works. Thus "what Shakespeare wrote" consists in the final analysis of what scholars *think* he wrote—a perfectly respectable method of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

judgment but one falling far short of absolute certitude.

Here are some of the many questions which have provoked other scholars besides Hoffman into doubt:

How was it possible for Shakespeare to achieve his unparalleled scope, vocabulary and learning? Not only did he wield one of the largest arsenals of words of which we know, but his detailed knowledge included legal terminology, medical and apothecaries' lore, plus an easy familiarity with the uses and ways of noble life.

Could Shakespeare, son of a tradesman, have had access to such circles? Perhaps, if he went to a university. But he did *not* go to a university, nor is there a record of his attendance at grammar school. Then by reading? But where was he to get the books?

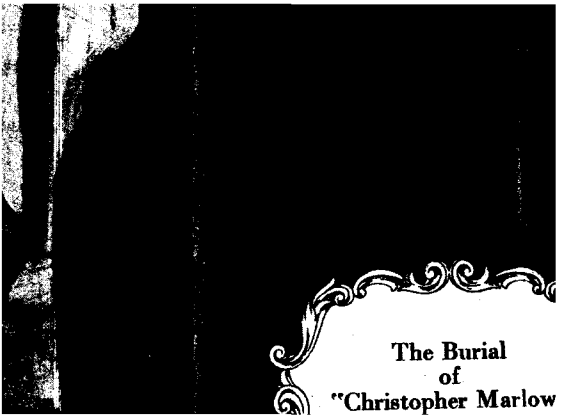
In Cambridge University at that time, one of the finest libraries in England consisted of a few hundred books, so precious they were chained to shelves. There were no public libraries. And when Shakespeare made his will, he made no mention of books or manuscripts.

OFFMAN BEGAN WITH THE PUZZLE of how Shakespeare acquired learning. Where did he learn to read "the small Latin and less Greek" with which Ben Jonson credited him? And if he read only scantily in Latin and Greek, how did he achieve familiarity with Ovid, Lucan, Plautus—the last not then available in translation, although it is the basis for *The Comedy of Errors?* Shakespeare scholars do not know.

Then, Hoffman faced the puzzle of geography. A number of Shakespeare's plays are set in Italy, with a knowledge of geography that argues familiarity. Points of the compass, location of mountains at one's back or left on setting out from a town, routes of travel—all these are baffling to ascribe to a man who, so far as we know, never left England and who had but rudimentary maps to work with.

But something puzzled Hoffman even more than geography. We know that some Shakespeare works must have been written as early as 1590. Yet at a time when Kyd, Nashe, Peele, Marlowe, Chapman and others were constantly referring to one another, *no one mentions Shakespeare*—until after 1593. In all the literature of the day, there is only one *speculative* reference to Shakespeare's name—in the deathbed testament of Robert Greene where, in a line

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Burial
of
"Christopher Marlow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parodying a quotation from *Henry VI*, he flays an "upstart crow" who thinks himself the only "Shake-scene" in the country.

Scholars have seized on this sole reference to something resembling Shakespeare's name before 1593, in disregard of what Hoffman insists is the fact that "Shake-scene" was a common epithet for any actor who could shake a stage with passion. On such slim stuff is the Shakespeare legend built. After his death, of course, stories multiplied.

No one doubts that the actor Shakespeare lived or that the plays signed by him were by a great genius, but the shape of the *actor* Shakespeare constantly rubs against the outlines of what the *writer* Shakespeare must have been. And so began the search for someone whose profile would more nearly fit the bill—Bacon, Oxford, Pembroke.

Each was learned, familiar with courtly ways, traveled, equipped with a motive for publishing in disguise. There was only one flaw in each theory: no other candidate wrote like a dramatic genius.

THERE WAS ONLY *ONE* PERSON—the root of Hoffman's theory—whose plays and poetry measured up to those attributed to Shakespeare. And that was Christopher Marlowe—the father of blank verse, the great experimenter, the most respected dramatic writer of his day.

The trouble was that Marlowe—as we know—was dead.

Nevertheless, the more Hoffman read Marlowe and Shakespeare, the more struck he was by the astonishing parallelisms. His list grew to a hundred examples, then a thousand. Research revealed that most Shakespeare authorities "gave" Marlowe full or partial credit for from one to twelve of Shakespeare's plays—often necessitating backdating their original composition to before that fateful day in 1593 when Marlowe met Frizer in Dame Bull's tavern.

But many of Shakespeare's plays undoubtedly written after Marlowe's death also had suspicious similarities. Not only were phrases borrowed wholesale; in many instances, Shakespeare actually quoted Marlowe, although his borrowing from other playwrights was conspicuous largely by its absence.

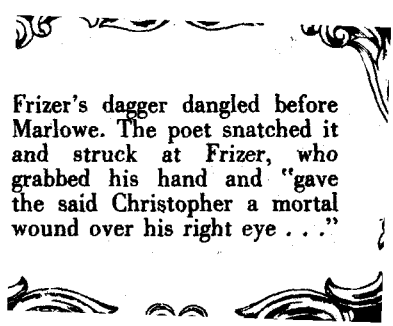
In Hoffman's mind, one creative imagination could be seen through the whole sweep of both Marlowe's and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The murder was trumped up, the corpse was hustled into an unknown grave and Marlowe himself was spirited overseas. Once the escape was made, the great imposture began . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Frizer's dagger dangled before Marlowe. The poet snatched it and struck at Frizer, who grabbed his hand and "gave the said Christopher a mortal wound over his right eye . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shakespeare's works. *If only Marlowe were not dead!* And so Hoffman began to look into Marlowe's life.

Like Shakespeare, Marlowe was born of humble parentage; like Shakespeare, he was born in a small town—Canterbury; and, like Shakespeare, he was born in 1564.

There the similarity between their early years ceases. Shakespeare, if the records are accurate, never went to college. But Marlowe must have been an outstanding student, for at 15 he obtained a scholarship to King's School, attached to Canterbury Cathedral—a school of brilliant reputation where he met scions of illustrious families: Lyly, Sidney, Dobson, Bentham. He must have done well, for in 1581 he received a scholarship to Cambridge, where he translated both Ovid and Lucan and probably wrote, at 22, his epoch-making *Tamburlaine*.

THEN A STRANGE THING HAPPENED. In 1587, when Marlowe was due to get his M.A., college authorities demurred. He had been absent for long times, he was even suspected of Catholicism (tantamount to treason). Not until an accidental discovery of papers in 1925 did we find the reason for this.

During his college years, Marlowe had been a secret agent for Elizabeth and her spy-maker, Sir Francis Walsingham. He had actually gone to Rheims to contact a group of Catholic Englishmen suspected of plotting to put Mary of Scotland on the throne.

Hence, when his degree was in doubt, the Privy Council intervened: ". . . it was not her majestie's pleasure that anie one emploied as he had been in matters touching the benefitt of his Countrie should be defamed by those that are ignorant in th' affaires he went about." Needless to say, Marlowe was speedily given his degree.

He graduated, Hoffman's research revealed, to a position of worldly brilliance. Thomas Walsingham became his patron and intimate friend. In London he hobnobbed with the most famous writers, actually sharing a room for a while with Thomas Kyd; he engaged in discussions with Walter Raleigh, with mathematician Hariot, with poet Chapman. As a playwright he was an immense success. *Tamburlaine* was a sensation and set a trend which would culminate in Shakespeare's historical tragedies.

It was followed (we think, for the chronology is obscure)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the even more popular *Doctor Faustus; The Jew of Malta* (source of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*); *Edward the Second; Dido, Queen of Carthage* and others.

Then—at the peak of fortune—tragedy struck.

On May 12, 1593, Kyd was arrested on charges of atheism. Tortured on the rack, he said that three pages of atheist documents found in his study had come from Marlowe. Six days after Kyd's arrest, Marlowe was seized at Walsingham's estate at Scadbury, where he was staying. He was released pending trial on condition of reporting daily to the Privy Council—a lenient treatment which can only be ascribed to his close connection with the Walsinghams.

BUT HIS POSITION WAS DESPERATE. Conviction could mean death; at least, he was sure of torture and imprisonment. Thus it was that, under this threat of imminent peril, on May 30, Marlowe went to his fateful rendezvous in Deptford.

To Hoffman's mind, it was a very strange meeting. What was Marlowe doing all day with three desperadoes who had formed part of England's network of spies?

One explanation is that these men, like himself, owed an allegiance to Walsingham, that they were, in fact, his employees. Evidently Marlowe knew them, for, as the coroner's report says, they talked for many hours. *About what?*

Then he was killed, but it was a very strange murder. The blow would not serve to kill a man instantly—or so say present-day doctors. Secondly, it is doubtful that such a blow could have been effectively struck by a man who was—according to the testimony—wedged between two other men with his back to the man he was disputing.

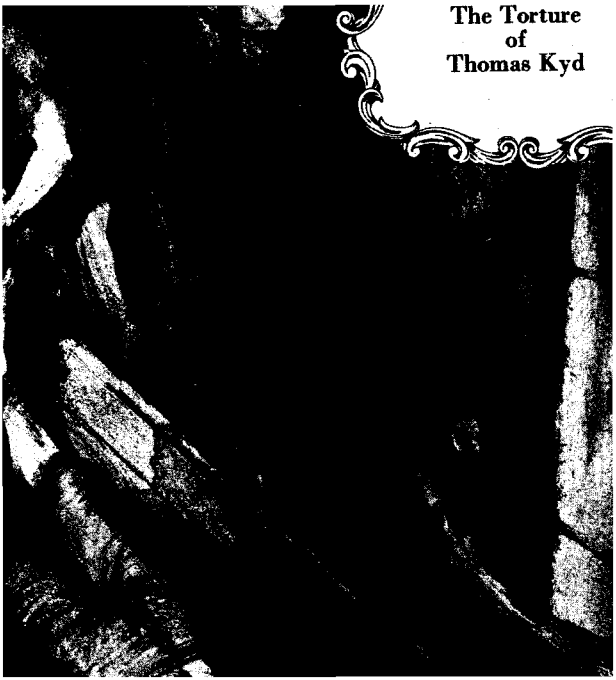
Why were no witnesses called beside Skeres and Poley? Why was Dame Bull not called? Why was Marlowe buried in an unmarked grave?

Now comes the strangest fact of all. Frizer went to jail and, one month later, was granted a pardon by Elizabeth on the grounds that the crime had been committed in self-defense. *And one day after he was released, Walsingham, Marlowe's friend and patron, re-engaged his services!*

That Walsingham should rehire a man who had killed his illustrious protégé is incredible. Nor did he stop with Frizer. Soon, Poley was in Walsingham's employ again also.

Was Marlowe killed to block his exposure, on the rack,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Arrest of Marlowe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of higher-ups, including perhaps Walsingham himself? It is certainly a possibility. But it is difficult to believe that Marlowe, hardly an innocent in ways of the world, would have spent the day with Frizer, Poley and Skeres if he had not known their designs.

Finally, Hoffman extricated still another odd fact from the archives. For many years, none of Marlowe's friends knew he had been murdered, it being assumed in London that he had died of the plague. *Evidently, no one talked.*

The sum of Hoffman's research led him to believe that when Marlowe met his three desperadoes in Deptford, it was for a well-thought-out purpose. Faced with death or torture in England, Marlowe was to escape—with the connivance of Walsingham and his servitors. Probably some vagrant wretch was brought to the tavern after dark, plied with drink and, there in the small room, done to death in Marlowe's place.

The coroner was undoubtedly bribed by Walsingham, the corpse hustled into an unknown grave and Marlowe himself spirited overseas. And there—and perhaps later on the vast estate of Walsingham—he wrote his works, always under the awful danger of exposure.

Once the escape was made, Hoffman reasoned, the great imposture began. *Venus and Adonis*, the first of "Shakespeare's" works, was registered with no author's name at the Stationer's only six weeks before Marlowe's death.

THUS, PART OF THE PLOT was the use of Shakespeare, a fairly well-known actor, as the front man for the plays and poems which Walsingham had copied from Marlowe's originals and sent to him. Is this incredible? Hoffman found in Walsingham's will a bequest to a "scrivener"—the only bequest to a scrivener he came across in an examination of more than 50 Elizabethan wills. Could not this scrivener have copied Marlowe's works? Note, too, that Shakespeare's name itself does not appear on any *title* page until *Love's Labour's Lost* in 1598—a delayed acknowledgment of authorship that has continued to baffle scholars. And remember that of the 36 plays in the post-humous *First Folio*, 18 were printed there for the first time. Why this reticence?

Shortly after Marlowe's disappearance comes the first of the "Italianate" plays—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*—generally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dated 1594-95. Such plays as *Titus Andronicus*, *Henry VI* and *Richard III*—all highly imitative of Marlowe's *Edward the Second* and *Tamburlaine*—had (we believe) already been written. Then followed the flood of comedies and tragedies—a flood largely secret until the *First Folio* appeared.

Some time in the late 1590s, the famous Sonnets must have been written. The content has always been a mystery to Shakespeare scholars. If they are taken metaphorically, they baffle the imagination; if taken literally, they spell out a story which has nothing to do with the known Shakespeare. But if Hoffman's theory is accepted, they tell an astonishingly confirmatory story.

The story they tell is one of crime, guilt, exile, fraud and despair. It begins at Sonnet 25, where the poet laments his fate; in Sonnet 26, he says he dare not show his head; in Sonnet 27, that he must abide far away; in Sonnet 28, that he is "debarr'd the benefit of rest." In Sonnet 29, he beweeps his "outcast state." In Sonnet 36, he cries to his patron:

> **"I may not evermore acknowledge thee**
> **Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,**
> **Nor thou with public kindness honour me,**
> **Unless thou take that honour from thy name."**

Now what do such outcries mean, coming from a Shakespeare who was riding the crest of fortune in London all these years? No one has ever provided a satisfactory answer—other than "poetic imagination."

Surely Marlowe must have writhed under his imposed anonymity, been tempted to poke fun at Shakespeare.

HENCE, WITH SPECIAL INTEREST, Hoffman noted that in *As You Like It* is the only character named just "William," of the 1,000 characters Shakespeare invented. William is a fool and a simpleton, and he is taunted for his ignorance by Touchstone, who—as his name implies—reveals the true worth of those he meets. Says Touchstone to poor William, "For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he." (*Ipse* meaning I, myself.)

But Touchstone says something even more provocative. Talking to Audrey, a country maid, he says:

> **"When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room."**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marlowe at Cambridge, 1585

Shakespeare, Droeshout portrait, 1623

"*Great reckoning in a little room.*" What could be a more direct allusion to Marlowe's death? And how could Shakespeare have known the facts of Marlowe's death, when *no* one knew them? And short of this interpretation, *what sense does the line make?*

As further documentation, Hoffman has collected nearly 1,000 parallelisms, and has written a book on the Marlowe-Shakespeare relationship which presents his thesis fully.

Hoffman has spent some 19 years of his life (meanwhile earning his livelihood as drama critic for Long Island newspapers) in an attempt to establish one of the most beguiling, elusive and unpopular literary theories of all time.

"Again and again I've been tempted to give it up," he says. "I've laboriously tried to disprove the thing. And all I've succeeded in doing is to convince myself more deeply that my theory is the truth."

In the summer of 1953, a student walking through the old court of Corpus Christi College at Cambridge noticed a bit of painted wood protruding from a pile of rubble. It was from a room in its first renovation since having been plastered after Marlowe's residence at Corpus Christi. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

panel was a portrait of a sad-faced, sensitive young man. In one corner it read, in Latin: Age 21, and the date, 1585. Beneath it was the Latin couplet: "*Quod me nutrit, me destruit*" ("That which nourishes me, destroys me.")

Who could it be? Marlowe was in Cambridge in 1585 and was 21 that year. And the quotation? It reappears as "*Quod me alit, me extinguit*" ("That which lights me, extinguishes me") in Shakespeare's *Pericles;* and in English in Sonnet 73: "Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by."

"From the moment I saw that portrait," says Hoffman, "it haunted me. Where had I seen that face before? Then I knew—it was the Droeshout engraving in the Shakespeare *First Folio.* Of course, I wouldn't trust my own conclusion, so I showed the portrait and engraving to a group of English portrait specialists, without telling them what I thought. To a man they said it was the same person."

THERE IS STILL ONE HOPE uppermost in Hoffman's mind. The majority of Shakespeare's manuscripts must have been preserved by someone from the time of their composition until their posthumous printing in the *First Folio.* If that someone was Walsingham, what did he do with them subsequently? Bury them in a chest—the one which is mentioned in his will, perhaps?

Hoffman had a hunch—admittedly a thousand-to-one shot. He went to the Bishop of Rochester and expounded his theory. The Bishop reflected that the Dean of Westminster Abbey had given permission for Spenser's tomb to be reopened 15 years previously on a similar hunch, and he gave his consent—subject to approval of the local vicar.

The vicar—Canon Lumb—listened to Hoffman's story. So did some members of his church council. But due to the question of desecration, no action was taken.

There, at the last resting place of Walsingham, Hoffman's quest ground to a halt. But newspapers in England are on the scent and pressure on the Canon is increasing.

What will the tomb reveal? In all probability, as Hoffman himself admits, nothing. But there is just the possibility that in the tomb will be moldy papers, one of which will read:

The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark
by
Christopher Marlowe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dangerous Years for Married Women

by ANNE FROMER

TWENTY MILLION American women today face the crisis of their lives. To all appearances, they are successfully fulfilling their feminine destiny. Yet it is those very appearances which are the hidden symptoms of their mass dilemma.

They have reached the dangerous age.

According to the U. S. Department of Labor, this is their status: They are neither old nor ill. They average age 35; it may be less, it is frequently more. Their husbands are average or better than average providers. These women do not work in office or factory; myriad labor-saving devices have eased their household duties. Their children, once so demanding, have grown beyond the age of constant care. They are now totally or partially unemployed—physically and emotionally.

Their new-found emotional unemployment is all too likely to lead to brooding and dreaming over the "might-have-beens" of the past. Such a woman tends to compare present stagnation with the exciting potentials of her youth. "If I hadn't left my job as assistant dress designer to marry, I might have been someone important in the fashion world today, instead of just a housewife."

Even more obvious a comparison is that between remembrance of young romances and the reality of a marriage that has lost its fine edge after years of familiarity. Typical, is the wife who knows the exact schedule of her life . . . when her tired husband will come home; what he will say; what he will want

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for dinner, and at just what time.

Even his once impulsive gestures of love have become perfunctory. His kisses and endearments seem more of a duty than a joy. There is almost a timetable quality to his attentions.

Dissatisfied, restless, feeling that she is being taken for granted, many a wife cannot help but remember and compare the men she might have married with her husband. She recalls the suitor who took the trouble to bring a small but imaginative gift each time he came to call; and the one who at a party would slip away with her "just so we can be alone for a few moments."

ALL THESE WOMEN who remember and compare have one thing in common: what might have been always seems immeasurably better and more desirable than what is. Reacting to this new physical and emotional idleness and its results, millions of them are making some blind, illogical gesture of protest. So varied are the forms this protest may take, that only a sociologist can even identify the women as all belonging to the same stricken category.

1. Women who go shopping as a hobby rather than a necessity; women who visit beauty parlors more often than they need to (one hairdresser admits, "nearly half my business is women who come here to escape boredom").

2. Women who eat too much and too often from sheer boredom, and thereby contribute to that most prevalent of American diseases, overweight. The women in this group make up the members of the "dessert bridge" set and the innumerable informal cake-and-coffee get-togethers. Here they find solace in sharing the ennui of other wives with time on their hands.

3. Women who find reassurance in another man's attentions. Sociologists classify the lowering of moral bars as "an increasing phenomenon." And even a majority of average women themselves, giving confidential answers to a recent national survey, admitted that they had become less strict in their morals. Infidelity is still the leading cause of divorce in the record high incidence of marital breakup, which will see nearly one out of four marriages of today end in divorce. And one of every six divorces are between couples married fifteen years or more—in other words, involving women whose marriages had survived to the dangerous age.

4. Women who directly attack their marriages by becoming nags; significantly, the volume of nagging appears to increase in direct proportion to the extent to which the husband's and wife's interests grow apart in business, social and family affairs. What this indicates, actually, is that for a large proportion of its victims, the dangerous years are the age of greatest emotional insecurity.

"Frequently a wife nags," states Judge John Grudeff, noted Canadian family court magistrate, "because of resentment that her husband gets out and meets interesting people while she stays at home alone. She has an unwarranted fear that younger, attractive women are accessible to him."

Collectively, these are the women whose aggregate of loneliness and frustration, put under scientific

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scrutiny at a recent International Congress on Mental Health, was found to be a growing factor in the nation's statistics of broken homes, juvenile maladjustment, and above all, the rapidly increasing ratio of the mentally ill to the healthy in the continent's population.

One of the case histories typical of those examined was that of a family designated only as "X." Marie X, the mother, was described as 35 and attractive. Her husband, Paul, was a salesman. In their early years of marriage he was eager and inexperienced. The day's small triumphs and frustrations, discussed over supper and later when the two small children were put to bed, became their causes for celebration and sadness. Paul and Marie and their children were close, loyal—a team.

NO MORE NAPS AFTER LUNCH!

Want to be free of post-luncheon drowsiness? A leading nutritionist tells you how and what to eat in order to return to work with energy. In August Coronet.

Marie was never able to put her finger on what changed that. All she could tell the counselor was that, imperceptibly, she and her husband started having less to say to each other . . . about Paul's frustrations—which became fewer as his ability increased; about their financial problems—which lessened with the years; about their children, who were away from home more and more.

Even less could Marie explain why, one evening at a party, she answered "yes" when her dancing partner, one of their neighbors, held her closer than necessary in a dance and suggested they have lunch downtown the next day. But under questioning, the answer became obvious: the new man made her feel wanted once more, made her feel that she was attractive, that the years were really not closing in on her.

Later, when she had time to think about it, Marie was amazed and disturbed to discover that she not only did not love the other man—she did not even like him. But he had filled a need, provided an emotional reassurance that she required beyond everything at that critical time. Meanwhile, however, the episode and its aftermath of clandestine meetings, had, when inevitably discovered, brought the marriage and their family life close to disintegration.

What is it that happens to convert the very things a woman desires—health, financial security, leisure—into unhappiness, frustration and infidelity? After an exhaustive study of the problem, Dr. Reva Gerstein, a director of the International Congress on Mental Health, has arrived at this conclusion:

Women in this group have reached the real "dangerous age"—an age for which most are untrained and unprepared. After perhaps fifteen or twenty years of "never a dull moment," suddenly there is a plateau of calm, security—and emptiness. She and her preoccupied husband scarcely talk the same language any more; literally, this is true of the children. Household appliances have partly deprived her of even the outlet of hard work. Suddenly such a woman feels unneeded, unwanted. She fears that her useful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creative life has come to an end.

But she is wrong. Whether she likes it or not, vital statistics have sentenced her to live 15 years more than her grandmother did. Which presents her with a dilemma—and a challenge.

She can add those 15 years to a frustrated, ailing old age—or to a vital, attractive youth. For the very period which too often presents millions of American women with shattering problems is the very period which, given knowledge and guidance, they are most capable of concentrating on their own development and fulfillment.

IT WORKED THAT WAY for Joan Curtis. Her problem followed a familiar pattern: a husband and daughter whose need for her had grown gradually less with the years. Joan, trying too hard to recapture her place, unwittingly became, instead, interfering and querulous. The reaction of her husband and daughter was to avoid her constant irritation as much as possible—and this created a vicious circle of frustration and tension.

But Joan was essentially an intelligent woman, so she made an appointment with the pastor of her church, and in the quiet of his study, she poured out her troubles. The pastor listened sympathetically, meanwhile thinking back on what he knew about the Curtis family. He remembered their home, with its interior decoration of simple but superb good taste. He remembered, too, that Joan Curtis had taken pride in the fact that the decor was her own accomplishment.

As she was leaving he said, as if in afterthought, "By the way, Mrs. Curtis, we'd certainly appreciate it if you could supervise the decoration of the church for this year's Easter services. . . ."

Joan brightened. The suggestion that someone needed *her* help, valued *her* opinion, struck an instantly responsive chord. She readily agreed, and threw herself wholeheartedly into carrying out the decoration of the church. Afterwards, amid congratulations from other women of the church, there were many requests for similar help in community projects . . . the annual dance of a service club; the Y.W.C.A.'s open house, the fund-raising bazaar of a women's group.

Soon Joan Curtis had to organize her spare time to meet all the enthusiastic demands. What was the result? Perhaps the best way to describe the total effect on her life is this: there never was a second interview with the wise pastor on Joan's "problems."

In thus finding herself, Joan also discovered an amazing secret that all women should possess: that new activities, new worthwhile projects, do far more than help her through the dangerous years. They reveal that these years, and the years ahead, can be literally the best, richest—and most rewarding—years of her life.

No woman need fear that she will have to start from the beginning to acquire really new skills and attitudes. What she knows best—the basic techniques of domesticity—can easily be converted into valued contributions. Dr. Lynn White Jr., president of California's Mills College for women, maintains that women must apply themselves, when the family is grown, to extend

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their housekeeping beyond the home—to their towns, states and to the nation.

Not only educators, but men whose business is feminine allure, support this view. John Robert Powers, the beauty authority, has declared that a woman cannot achieve her full potentialities of beauty and personality until she is past 30—and is "living to the full and developing all her resources."

Sometimes the action required to effect a dramatic change in a woman's life is incredibly elemental. Take the case of Helen and Jim Travers. As supervisor of a chain of stores in several cities, Jim was away from home weeks on end. Left behind, Helen not only found time hanging heavy but developed great self-pity by brooding over what she imagined was her husband's "exciting, adventurous life" as a traveling man.

One day, exasperated, Jim told Helen: "If you think being on the road is so much fun, why don't you come along and see for yourself?"

That did it. The elementary difference between staying at home to mope and accompanying her husband made a revolutionary change in both their lives. What's more, to Jim's surprise, the monotonous routine of his job became almost a series of second honeymoons. Instead of going back to a drab hotel room after a hard day, he was going to a rendezvous with Helen, who had spent the day sightseeing, making new friends—and planning their evening.

The renewed happiness and well-being of a significant proportion of the women of a nation is obviously of prime importance. Even more is the stability of their families, to which these women hold the key. But most vital of all is the impact on their surroundings of women who learn how to launch this new phase of their creative lives.

Fortunate indeed is the community in which there are active groups of women schooled in the warmth and realistic understanding of family relationships. This is the hopeful theme put forward by the Department of Labor, which initiated recognition of the problem with the revealing statistics cited at the beginning of this article.

Where women step forward to take community responsibility, says the Department's report on The Status of Women in the United States, there is to be found the greatest gain in social well-being, informed legislative action and good citizenship.

And each woman who follows this course will discover an unexpected and dramatic personal dividend: she will have become an alive, interesting and attractive person. She will have solved the new problem of women—the crisis of the "dangerous years." For she will have learned that with proper planning, these years can be additional vibrant years of youth.

See No Evil?

THE CHIEF VICE of many people consists not in doing evil but in permitting it. —Roy M. Pearson, *This Do—And Live* (Abingdon Press)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It took a lot of faith and understanding to produce . . .

A Medal for Freddie

by ROSALIND RUSSELL

LANKY, GRAYING, Hans Christian Adamson was visiting us in Hollywood when we noticed the first strange turn in our old battle over religion. Hans and my husband Freddie Brisson were both officers in the Air Force and we were at dinner that night, back in 1942, when suddenly Hans reached into his pocket and fished among his coins.

Hans Adamson was one of the best-read men I have ever known, which is why Freddie and I took his views so seriously. Hans was not anti-religious. At home in the East, he attended church occasionally with his wife, who was an Episcopalian. But we had the feeling it was more out of respect for her than for her beliefs.

He often said he envied people who could believe without understanding. "But that's as far as I can go," he would tell us during our many long discussions. "I try to understand your churches and your little medals and other things. But I cannot. So I cannot believe."

That's why it struck us as so peculiar when Hans fished among his change that night and brought out a medal.

"Freddie," Hans said, and it seemed that his voice was pitched a note higher than usual, "I stopped at the PX and got you one of those new flying medals—St. Joseph of Copertino. I think he flew or something. You're going to do a lot of flying, and I want you to have this."

With that, the second strange turn occurred. My hand shot out and grabbed Hans' sleeve.

"No," I said without thinking. "Keep that yourself."

"Why?" Hans asked. "I don't want any medals. I got it for Freddie. He's a Catholic and he believes in these things."

I had spoken sharply, I realized, and I tried to smooth it over. "What I mean is, you keep it for now, Hans. You just keep it for now."

We all kind of looked at each other, and I tried to change the

Reprinted from *Guideposts*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject. But I sensed that actually I had done the right thing . . . that Hans was trying to tell us something with that medal.

Three months later, Hans phoned my husband that he was going on a secret mission across the Pacific and would stop off in California. We all spent the day together and Hans kept saying he felt nervous. He had never talked that way before. There is not a bit of cowardice in Hans Adamson, yet he kept saying that the trip had a fatality about it.

Frankly, we thought nothing of it at the time. But then, at six the next morning, the phone rang. It was Hans.

I was puzzled, wondering why he had called so early—until he mentioned the trip again. And I at last saw that he had really called to seek help.

Right out of the blue I said, "Hans, do you have that medal that you tried to give Freddie some time ago?"

Hans was silent for a moment, as if he didn't want to answer. "Yes," he finally admitted. "I've still got it in my pocket."

"Now mind you, I don't think anything is going to happen," I said. "But if it does, if something should go wrong, you take that medal out and put it in your hand, and hold on to it."

There was a prolonged silence, then the single word: "Yes . . ."

I couldn't get back to sleep. I felt something was going to happen and wished I had explained more to Hans about the Catholic use of medals, how we don't claim special powers to the medal itself but it helps us focus our prayers, reminds us of our need for prayer.

We were getting up when Freddie said casually, "Oh, by the way, Roz, Hans has a rather famous companion for his trip—Captain Eddie Rickenbacker . . ."

IT WAS PERHAPS the most famous airplane crash in history. Captain Rickenbacker, Hans and six others, on a secret mission, went down in the Pacific.

At first we were more or less optimistic. But by the end of a week, I had given up all hope. The chances of surviving a crash seemed slim to me. A week on flimsy rubber rafts under a tropical sun would surely kill any survivors.

But my husband thought differently. "Hans is alive," he insisted, and there was a great depth to his voice. "I know he's alive. He's getting strength from somewhere . . ."

I thought of the medal, and for a moment almost believed it.

The second week passed, and the third dragged on. And then, on the 21st day, the rafts were spotted. We felt strangely quiet, as if we were being drained of the last of some sort of strength.

Next day the rescues were made

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and we learned that Hans was still alive, although on the critical list.

The men were kept in overseas hospitals for five weeks before they could be moved. Then, just before Christmas, I got a call from my husband at the air base. The hospital plane was coming into San Francisco. Hans had sent a message that he wanted me to be there, that he had something to tell me.

We saw Captain Rickenbacker first. He stepped off the plane, perhaps the thinnest man I have ever seen. His shirt stuck out inches, literally, from his neck.

Freddie and I climbed a ladder into the plane where Hans was in bed. He looked even worse than Rickenbacker, and his hand was bandaged.

"I don't remember hearing about your hand," Freddie said.

"It's hurt a bit," Hans answered.

With that he slowly removed the bandage. And there, cupped in his hand, was the medal. From holding it in the same position all those weeks, his muscles had frozen so that he could not straighten his fingers and the medal had worked its way into his flesh.

Hans looked up at me. "I didn't even let them take it away in the hospital," he said softly. "It's all right, Roz. I understand at last . . . May I give Freddie the medal now?"

"GIFT GIVING HAS BEEN A 'SNAP'..."

. . . writes Ed Sullivan, "since I first thought of giving Coronet to my friends. It is really one of Broadway's favorites."

Why not make *your* gift giving a "snap" too? Just use this convenient order form.

1 full year for only $3 *(Postage paid anywhere in the world)*

Send no money, unless you prefer. We shall be glad to bill you.* Just fill out the coupon below.

**U. S. and Canadian addresses only. Cash necessary with other orders.*

Please send Coronet to:

name

address

city zone state

Gift card to read from

my name

address

city zone state

Give this order to your local subscription agent or mail to:

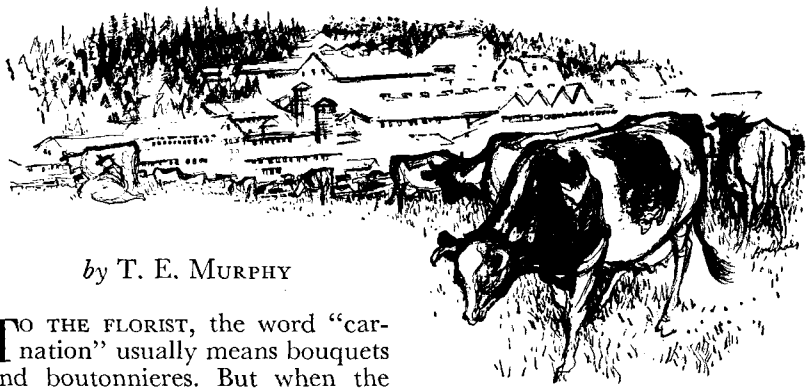
C-1076

BOULDER, COLORADO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story of Carnation Milk is the story of a famous slogan . . .

"FROM CONTENTED COWS"



by T. E. MURPHY

TO THE FLORIST, the word "carnation" usually means bouquets and boutonnieres. But when the American housewife thinks of carnation, she is likely to be thinking of milk, not flowers.

For some 2,000 years, these red and white blossoms had grown in quiet obscurity. Then, 55 years ago, along came Elbridge Amos Stuart, a one-time Indiana farm boy, and made Carnation a national institution. The other partner in this American folk drama was a cow known as "Contented."

Together, these two symbols, the red flower and the blissful bovine, have spelled out better nutrition across the reaches of the world. Evaporated milk is the standard diet of millions of babies. In the U. S. alone, more than 8,000,000 cans are used every day, and a large proportion of them bear the Carnation symbol.

Two aspects of this symbol intrigue consumers above all others: why was the flower chosen as a trademark? And who coined the phrase "Contented Cows"?

At the turn of the century, the names of flowers were commonly used for food products. Rose, Poppy, Pansy and Lily had long been pre-empted. Then President McKinley blossomed forth with a daily carnation in his buttonhole.

Elbridge Amos Stuart—or "E.A." as he was known to his associates—saw the name "Carnation" in a window display of cigars. Quickly, he had the Patent Office checked. Carnation had not been registered for milk.

The "Contented Cow" slogan came later. In Chicago, in 1906, Stuart was telling members of an advertising agency about the green pastures of the Pacific Northwest, the snow-capped mountains that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fed the streams. As he described this paradise for the cows that gave Carnation milk, a copywriter exclaimed, "Ah! The milk from contented cows!"

THE STORY OF THE RISE of Carnation milk to world leadership in its field is a stirring drama that still is being played. Its success is due in large measure to fundamental Bible teachings that Stuart learned from his Quaker parents. These principles were standards in his business dealings; and yet, at 43, he seemed to have lost most of his battles. He had thrice known business failure; he had been dogged by sickness, handicapped by lack of schooling.

Then, at 50, Stuart was back on his feet. Twenty-five years later, when he retired as president of Carnation, his product had become a household word.

Stuart enjoyed his success because it had been based on creating plenty. All over America, farm homes enjoyed prosperity because he had proved that cows could be bred to give four, five and ten times the amount of milk they gave in the 19th century. Since then, sons and daughters of Carnation's contented cows have gone forth like goodwill ambassadors, taking with them the same productivity that has made them synonymous with plenty.

The Carnation story really begins in 1899, when the Yukon gold rush was in full tilt and fortunes were being made in Alaska. But throughout America, children were dying of "summer complaints."

Stuart was one of the first to suspect bad milk. Several years before, his own young son had been sick until a supply of reliable milk was found. Now, at the end of the 90s, he met a man who claimed a successful process for manufacturing canned, sterilized evaporated milk. A sterile product would not only be safe for children, Stuart thought, but it should also find favor among economical homemakers for cooking and drinking.

In 1899, Stuart invested his savings in the new process and a small plant was set up in Kent, Washington, not far from Seattle. On September 6, the first Carnation evaporated milk was produced. Stuart visited grocers personally, letting each sample his product and guaranteeing each can.

The Yukon gold rush helped to sell the new canned milk. According to legend in Alaska, the mildest drink in booming Dawson was straight bourbon. Actually, there was a real hunger for milk, which was soon reflected in activity at the little factory in Kent.

From the beginning, Stuart's business methods were unusual. In his dealings with dairy farmers, he drew on his Quaker background and tried to make real partnerships. For another, he refused to follow the lead in packaging milk in profitable 12-ounce cans. Stuart made a 16-ounce can, figuring it would be more economical for the consumer.

One day, a competing cheesemaker tried to take Stuart's dairy suppliers away by paying 25 cents more a hundred pounds for milk. A few farmers came to Stuart and asked him what he planned to do.

"After I am run out of business," he said, "do you think the other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

E. A. STUART

man will still be paying you $1.15? I base my payments on what is fair for both of us, not on how much I can squeeze from you."

Next day, 175 farmers came to the plant. One of them spoke up. "I like the treatment I've got from Stuart." Others agreed. And Stuart did not lose a single farmer.

During the nation's financial panic of 1907, checks were difficult to cash. Farmers supplying Carnation were hard pressed. Stuart obtained $60,000 in gold, took it to the Kent plant under guard, and paid off suppliers. When the next payday came, the farmers told Stuart his checks were good enough.

Two years later, he had another idea for helping the farmer: to create a herd of super-cows that would produce more and better milk, and to use them as "seedlings" to improve the herds supplying Carnation.

Starting in 1909, he purchased land some 35 miles east of Seattle, in the Snoqualmie Valley. People laughed at this "farm in the wilderness" but Stuart was determined to disprove the fallacy that "you can't raise cows without corn."

Four years later, Stuart had only purebred Holstein-Friesians in his herd. He continued to buy better animals, and soon Carnation Farms was beginning to impress the dairy world. If a particular animal possessed qualities that Stuart wanted, price was no object. In 1918, at auction, he paid the highest price on record for a six-week-old bull calf.

Although Stuart had refused to pay $35,000 for the calf a short time before, the mother had now produced 1,000 pounds of milk in a week. Bidding for the animal started at $10,000, quickly rose to $101,000. The audience held its breath as the auctioneer began to close the sale. When Stuart calmly said, "One hundred and six thousand," pandemonium broke loose. But the calf was his.

In 1920, when the average cow was giving about 2,000 quarts of milk a year, one of Carnation's herd was setting a new world's record of 17,386 quarts. A monument has been erected in Carnation, Washington, to this cow, whose full name was Segis Pietertje Prospect. Together with succeeding champions, such as Carnation Ormsby Butter King, Carnation Ormsby Madcap Fayne, Carnation Homestead Daisy Madcap and their descendants, these animals constitute a beatific bovine aristocracy. These are the "Contented Cows" the whole world knows about.

They have gone from Carnation Farms to almost every state in the Union and have helped to build many of our most productive and profitable herds. Also, they have been shipped to dairy centers throughout the world. In the aggregate, they represent a "Point 4" private-enterprise project whose worth in dollars can never be estimated, since many of the world's highest producing cows are their descendants.

Meanwhile, Carnation bulls have turned out to be big business, too, with foreign governments bidding for these aristocrats. Recently in Spain, high government officials gave greetings to 14 Carnation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

animals, all purchased by the Ministry of Agriculture in Madrid. Carnation bulls have also gone to South Africa, Italy, New Zealand, Japan and Argentina, where they were crossed with other cattle. The result was a sensational genetics story, with production increasing sometimes as much as 1,000 per cent.

TODAY, evaporated milk is the biggest selling single canned-food item in the world, and Carnation has earned a lion's share of this market because of controlled quality. The quality begins on the 55,000 farms of dairymen from whom the company buys milk. These farmers follow set procedures for milking, cleaning utensils, preparing milk for delivery to plants. The rules require that every can produced in the company's 28 evaporating plants must adhere to standards—a program that is carried out by control technicians in each plant and then is double-checked at the central laboratory in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

Every year, thousands of visitors go there, and to Carnation Farms at Carnation, Washington, to view the wonder herd. Drive 35 miles east of Seattle and you emerge suddenly from a country road to a dazzling panorama. Before you stand the snow-capped Cascade Mountains. And sloping gently toward you, a green carpet is divided into symmetrical pastures by white fences. There you see the "Contented Cows" grazing peacefully.

On the opposite side of the highway a group of white buildings sparkles. Beyond stone pillars your eye meets bovine eye. This is Segis Pietertje Prospect, whose producing abilities have been immortalized in statuary, her tail blown perpetually to one side.

Just as the Contented Cow has made her influence felt throughout the world, so has the Carnation organization spread. More than 100 evaporating plants, receiving stations, fresh milk and ice-cream plants are dotted over this country, while the company's combination of pure milk for the consumer and stable market for the farmer has seeped abroad through affiliates to France, Germany, Holland, Mexico, Peru, Scotland, South Africa and Australia.

However, the interest of Carnation in the dairy farm is still far greater than the bare bones of buy and sell. Each milk plant has one or more specially trained fieldmen whose function is to work with farmers to improve herds. Information developed at Carnation Farms concerning breeding and feeding is distributed throughout the world as part of the company's "Point 4" project. Every year, farmers, breeders and dairymen come to Carnation to learn simpler and better methods of managing livestock.

Through booklets and reports, medical symposiums and field services, Carnation contributes to the improvement of public health. It has supported research into the control of infant-disease epidemics and the problems of multiple and premature births.

E. H. STUART

The word "family" is significant in a company whose dealings bring it into contact with more than one-third of American

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

homes. The company was headed by "E.A." from 1899 to 1932, when he relinquished the reins to his son, Elbridge H. Stuart, a graduate of Andover and Yale. Under his direction, Carnation's business has increased many times over.

Following in the footsteps of "E. H." are three sons—E. Hadley, Jr., R. Fullerton, and Dwight L. Stuart, all of whom started at the bottom and today are occupying executive positions in various branches of the company.

At the death of "E. A." in 1944, two trust funds were left, reflecting the Quaker influence. The first, known as the "Elbridge Stuart Foundation," fosters religious, charitable and Christian educational activities. The second, "The Elbridge and Mary Stuart Foundation," broadens the scope to lend assistance to religious, scientific or public welfare groups.

UNDER "E. H.," the company continued to expand and in August, 1949, the nine-story Carnation World Headquarters building on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles was dedicated. The Carnation Research Laboratories outside the city is a busy place, where scientists are constantly developing new dairy products and allied lines.

In addition to evaporated milk, the company markets many other items, including fresh milk and ice-cream products, breakfast cereals, livestock and poultry feeds, and a dog food called "Friskies."

The company has never been more excited than it is right now about its new instant non-fat milk. Made by an exclusive process, it comes in a dry, crystalline form, dissolves instantly in cold water, doesn't lump or foam.

Dry milk product is not new. It was a staple of Genghis Khan's fierce warriors. The Tartars boiled the milk, skimmed off the butterfat, and put the rest in the sun to dry to powder. Over the centuries, science improved production methods. But it was not until two years ago that David D. Peebles, dairy scientist, hit upon the process that converts non-fat dry milk to Carnation's crystal form, retaining all proteins, minerals and other elements of whole milk except butterfat.

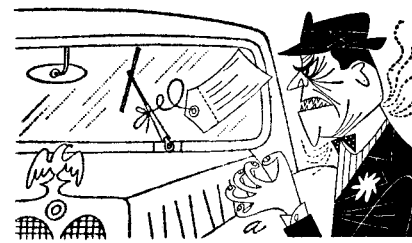
In areas where there is no milk supply or in homes without refrigeration, whole families can now enjoy this new form of "nature's most nearly perfect food." And campers, hunters, explorers can pack a supply of non-fat milk without danger of loss through breakage or spoilage.

The company's early pioneering spirit is still reflected in sales and promotional activities, Carnation being the first evaporated milk company to use network radio to advertise its products. That was in 1932. Nineteen years later, it was first to use network television.

Whenever a Carnation cow sets a new major record, the whole world knows about it. People have come from everywhere to pay homage to newly-crowned champions. When visitors attend the ceremonies, what they see and hear is reaffirmation of E. A. Stuart's conviction that it is possible to develop a family of super-cows whose characteristics can increase the productivity of other herds. It is one of the keys to mankind's age-old dream of a world that is free from hunger and thus can enjoy peace and prosperity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Root Out Your Resentments!



by J. Campbell Bruce

The quicker you air your silent gripes, the sooner they disappear

My friend Julius starts off the day with a hot tub. "Sets the corpuscles dancing," he says brightly. "Then a brisk rubdown and I'm ready for the world—refreshed, invigorated, every cell alive!"

Julius, however, is a cheerful liar. That's the way he *wants* it to be. And each morning, as he slips into the steamy water, he fervently believes the tubbing will set the whole day to music.

Twenty minutes later, after he steps out onto the mat and rubs down, he has been transformed into a grouch, ready to snap and snarl through a self-tiring day. The frustrations begin right after the toweling.

He remembers the grease spots left by baby fingers on his trousers last night, and he goes to the cabinet for the spot remover. It isn't there. He slams out of the bathroom, shouting, "Where's the spot remover?"

Mrs. Julius explains patiently that, after he had gone to bed, she had used it to remove the spots on his trousers. Perhaps it's still on the ironing board in the spare room.

Julius sulks. He is in no mood to be cheated out of his grumpiness. "Why can't you *ever* learn to put things back where they belong?"

For his breakfast, Mrs. Julius takes extra pains with a savory dish of coddled eggs, because Julius loves coddled eggs. But not this morning. He grumbles, "Y'ever think of scrambling an egg—just for variety?"

By the time Julius storms out of the house, Mrs. Julius and the children are on the nervous edge of tears. And at the office, Julius bulls through a hard day—both shoulders piled high with chips.

What came over Julius in the bathtub? He simply got to thinking. And Julius is a Resentful Thinker.

Once he had settled down to the luxury of soaking, he began to meditate. As usual, he fell to charting the day's course. And as usual, into this course stepped a familiar figure—Connors, the office supervisor. Julius harbored a deep resentment toward Connors, whom he considered a sarcastic bully.

Julius smiled wryly as he thought of Connors. He had had enough of that Big Oaf, and today he would tell him off for sure, in front

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the whole gang. Julius luxuriated in resentment as he sharpened the words that would cut Connors down and become an office classic. The longer he mulled over Connors, the deeper grew his bitterness. When he got out of the tub, Julius was fairly dripping resentment.

These gripe sessions in the tub were almost a daily occurrence for Julius, and invariably they came to nothing in the way of positive action. For resentments are like the furtive creatures that dwell in dark recesses—they flee the bright light of day. And so Julius' grand showdown never materialized. Actually, Connors wasn't such a bad sort; a bit strict at times, but otherwise not a bad guy.

And Julius? His reverie in resentment had soured his disposition for the day, and now he resented *that*. As a result, although the day's toil was light, he dragged himself wearily home, too fagged to eat.

In these unguarded moments in the bathtub, Julius falls prey to a vagary that in one form or another besets most of us—the indulgence of resentments. Storing it up. That's the mark—and the sorrow—of the Resentful Thinker. The man with the robust mind takes the direct approach: "Look, mister, I don't like that!" and clears up the situation at once. By airing the problem as soon as it comes up, he is able to forget about it.

The Resentful Thinker keeps silent, lays aside the feeling of assumed wrong, stores it up, adds to the hoard until he becomes steeped in vitality-sapping resentments. And a small emotion, born of silent displeasure at an unintentional remark that could have been readily explained away, grows into a sickness.

Take a resentment to bed and you lie awake, planning the big moment of requital that never comes. You get up at the alarm, wilted in spirit, and you stumble wearily through the long day, at the bottom of efficiency.

A friend of mine was forced to drive daily into San Francisco during a recent transit strike. He parked in an alley near his office. The police recognized the necessity of this and were lenient to all-day parkers, particularly in the forbidden alley zones.

But one day, just before the strike ended, my friend found a traffic tag under the windshield wiper. He was furious, but said little—a Resentful Thinker.

He brooded all the way home. He refused to accept his own guilt or the fact that the officer, perhaps new to this beat, was simply doing his duty. Nor did it cross my friend's mind that he should feel grateful to the police for permitting him to park illegally, day after day, for nearly three months. He deeply resented that one ticket, and in his resentment he branded the cop as an unconscionable scoundrel.

"I left the office feeling great," my friend recalled later, in a moment of confession. "By the time I got home I was in a surly mood. I'd lost my appetite and felt so exhausted I went straight to bed. The evening was ruined for the whole family.

"I woke up about 2 A. M. and kept thinking about that ticket. I decided to send along with my check for the bail a blistering note to the traffic judge about such scur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rilous treatment of us commuters. The ticket bore the time it was written—11:23 A. M.—so I planned to lie in wait in the alley for the cop at that hour next day. I even perfected a scathing little speech—that cop would be sorry he ever set eyes on my car.

"Well, next day I was a physical wreck. It was such a beautiful day that my resentment of 2 A. M. seemed like a crazy nightmare. Naturally, I did not lie in wait for that cop—I had more important things to do. I felt ashamed that I had even courted the impulse. I sent my bail check to the judge—with a note, yes; one word: 'Sorry.'

"My traffic ticket cost $2, but far more costly, in mental anguish to me and my family, were those terrible hours of resentment."

If resentments stir up such phony, destructive emotions, how best can you ward them off? For one thing, recognize a resentment for what it is—an emotion unworthy of pampering. Don't feel guilty—indignation over a slight is only natural. But if you feel that someone has done you an unjustified wrong, have it out with him on the spot. Frequently, if the facts are aired, you will discover that the remark was never intended as a slur.

When you feel a resentful mood coming on, take a walk. You will be surprised how a breath of fresh air will dispel the dark forebodings of resentment.

If the tendency toward resentments persists, take an inventory of your shortcomings. Each night make a written list of the incidents that happened during the day that caused you annoyance. Were you at fault? Of course not! But think, wouldn't a kind word or a bit of understanding on your part have helped clear the atmosphere? Be honest. Of course it would!

Once you've got the habit of resentment under control, make your inventory periodical. Just as merchants take inventory to get rid of stock that has become a burden to carry, do likewise yourself—get rid of the stock in your makeup that is a drag.

Putting the causes of resentment down on paper, where you can look at them, is a sure way of rooting them out entirely. For instance, putting all this down on paper has helped me to unload a great burden. I feel much, much better already!

Quick Quotes

JEFF CRAVATH once explained why he prefers running a ranch to his old job, coaching the Southern California football team: "Cattle don't have any alumni."
—S. PERRIN

DRILL SERGEANT to rookie: "Wipe that opinion off your face."
—BENNETT CERF

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, the artist, cured a friend's inferiority complex by telling him: "Anytime you feel as if you're neglected, just think of Whistler's father!"
—ROSE HAMMER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dream and the Glory

by RUDY VALLEE

AS CHURCH BELLS pealed and cannon boomed in celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, in Quincy, Massachusetts, 90-year-old John Adams lay dying.

He knew he had but a few hours to live, and as he lay there, his thoughts must have harked back to the early days of the Revolution, when he spearheaded the dedicated group of young patriots with their dream of independence. He must have recalled, too, the day he became second President of the United States.

More probably, though, Adams' thoughts turned to an old and dear friend—Thomas Jefferson, guiding genius behind the Great Document itself. Once the Thirteen Colonies had become a nation, however, the two friends grew apart. Adams believed the nation could best survive under a government guided by the propertied few, while Jefferson would vest the common people with power to select their leaders.

Adams became second President in 1797; and, by the method of balloting then in vogue, Jefferson was elected Vice President. The two men clashed at every turn and flamed into open hostility when Adams supported the Alien and Sedition Acts, a violation of the Bill of Rights. It was Jefferson's strong stand here which led to his election as third President and the eclipse of Adams in politics.

The bitter Adams refused to be present at Jefferson's inauguration. However, in 1812, Jefferson received a letter. A wave of emotion swept over him as he read: ". . . with a long and sincere Esteem, your Friend and Servant, John Adams."

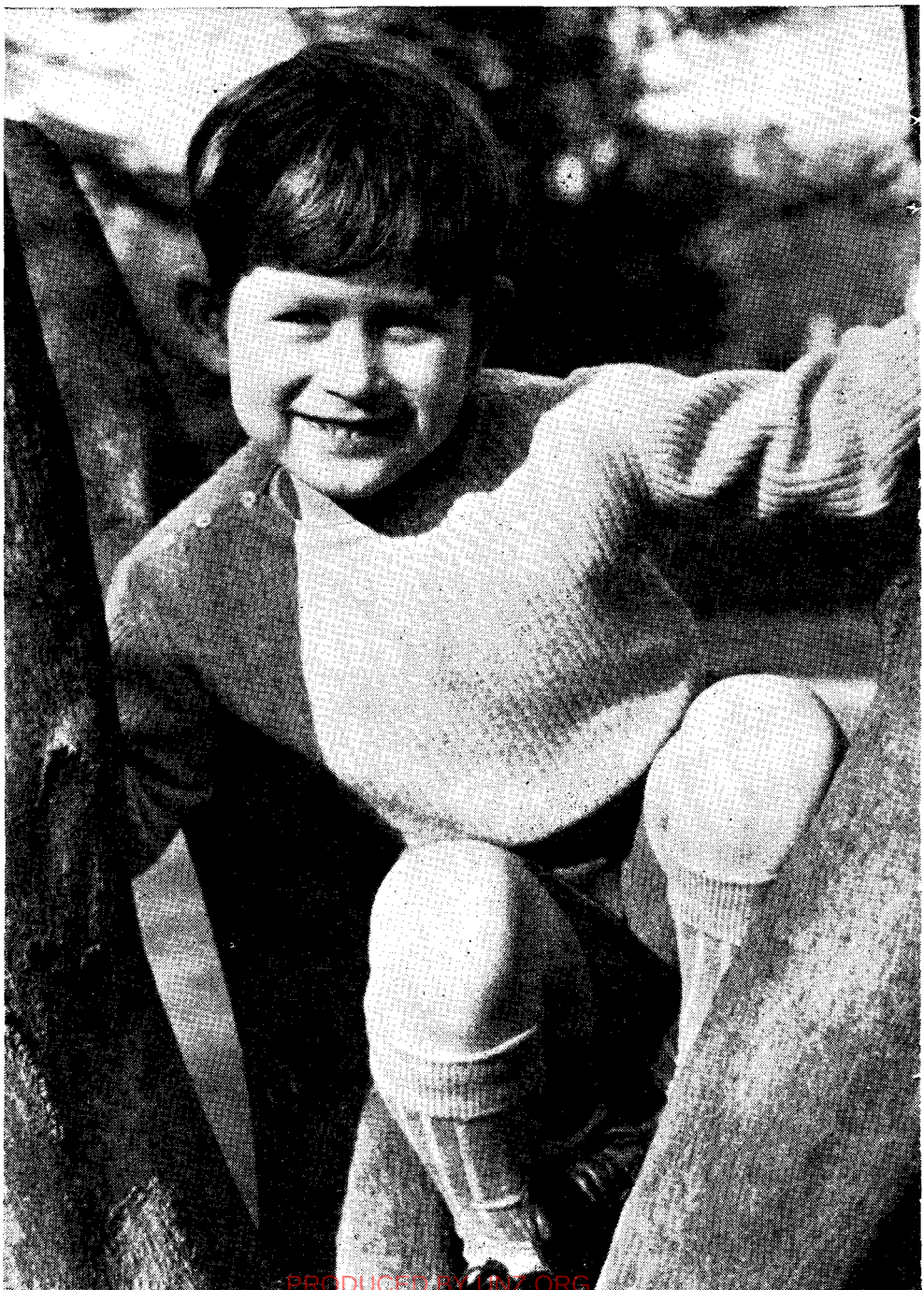
The years had mellowed Adams; and now, at 76, he was writing his former friend in the same spirit of comradeship that had characterized their early years together. Jefferson replied, and the two great patriots began a correspondence that lasted over 14 years.

All this must have passed through Adams' mind. For as he lay dying, he called for his family and spoke these last words: "Thomas Jefferson still survives."

But by a quirk of fate, a sorrowful event had taken place in Monticello, Virginia, far to the south. There, only hours before Adams breathed his last, Jefferson passed away at 83. The two staunchest defenders of American liberty died 50 years—to the day—after their great triumph of July 4th, 1776.

Rudy Vallee is host of "Kraft Music Hall," CBS Radio Network, Sundays 9:00 to 10:00 P.M., EDST.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An intimate look at the private life of England's Bonnie Prince Charles

The Boy Who Will Be King

by GRAHAM FISHER

A FEW DAYS before last Christmas, a group of dignitaries stood stiffly to attention at the wayside station which serves Sandringham House, the royal family's residence on England's eastern shore. From the train stepped a small boy in a green coat, his eyes fixed excitedly on the two Christmas trees the station staff had hung with lights and colored balloons.

With an effort, the boy concentrated on shaking hands with those on the platform. Then, the last barely over, he burst out eagerly: "Could I have a balloon, please . . . a red one?"

And His Royal Highness Prince Charles Philip Arthur George, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Prince and Great Steward of Scotland, passed on to the waiting automobile with a red balloon clutched tightly in his hand.

Already the young Prince who is heir to the throne of England is being carefully groomed for the high position he will one day occupy. But frequently, something so simple as a red balloon shows a glimpse of the boy behind the prince.

The advice George V once gave to the boy who was to become the Duke of Windsor is being put into practice with Prince Charles: "You must al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles watches over sister Anne, as his mother once did with Princess Margaret.

ways remember your position and who you are."

It is not easy advice for a small boy to follow . . . but then, the path to a throne has never been an easy one, and the boy who walks it can never be quite like other boys. It is a lonely path, devoid of many ordinary childish joys.

In public, the boy must always give way to the prince. Boisterous in private, Charles has learned to be unobtrusive before a crowd. Much as he may miss his mother, he must never—in public—run shouting to greet her.

The boy enjoys candy, but the prince must never be seen with a piece in his mouth. On one occasion when he was caught, he removed the candy hurriedly and thrust it, still sticky, into the gloved hand of the Queen Mother. "Please hold that for me, Grannie."

For young Charles, life will run like clockwork to a rigid, never-ending timetable. And so it will go on down the years, the Prince increasingly dominating the boy, the teen-ager, the man.

The Duke of Edinburgh, whose youthful personality has blown like a refreshing breeze through the musty confines of British court circles, will certainly see to it that Charles is not hemmed in so rigidly as others have been. But even he can alter only slightly the course ordained for the boy-prince.

When Charles was born in Buckingham Palace at 9:14 on the drab autumn evening of November 14,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1948, the British Commonwealth rejoiced. Bells rang, crowds cheered, bonfires blazed and 41-gun salutes celebrated the fact that the succession to the throne was assured.

Today he is a sturdy, stubborn-chinned, six-year-old with the blue eyes of both his parents. His brown hair is fast surrendering its childish fairness. It is unruly hair, flopping a little over his forehead, losing its left-hand parting almost as soon as it has been brushed.

Charles has his father's prominent ears; his mother's rather wide mouth, brooding brow and slightly worried expression. His laugh is loud and hearty, but heard seldom in public. He is quick to frown, slow to smile.

He holds himself stiffly, with his father's trick of clasping his hands behind his back. He has, too, his father's habit of wanting to know all the answers.

As Duke of Cornwall, a title he inherited at birth, this small boy is one of Britain's big landowners. His West-of-England estates bring in $250,000 annual revenue. He has already figured in one real-estate deal—a transaction which saw a few of his acres sold as building land.

He remembers nothing of his first "reception," but at a week old, while he slept, several hundred family friends and members of the royal household filed solemnly past paying homage to the baby who will one day be King.

Neither does he know yet of the honors, and ordeals, that lie ahead . . . the speeches, the ceremonies, the public functions, the long official tours, the millions of handshakes which will need a special grip if the wrist is not to become sore.

But his training for all this started while he was still a babe in arms; when his nurse, Helen Lightbody, waved his tiny hand at the crowds as he sat on her lap in the royal car.

At four he was taking dancing lessons to give him poise and confidence, and could already write his official signature, "CHARLES," in childish block capitals. At five he was shaking hands with officials, bidding palace servants a clear and precise "good morning."

THE LESSON of punctuality—essential if the rigid royal timetable is to count for anything—was also learned early. As a five-year-old, Charles was found staring hard at the drawingroom clock in the lodge at Windsor. Asked what he was doing, he replied, "I have to see Grannie at half-past ten and not a minute before."

Much of his early training has been devoted to counteracting the shyness which is a family trait, and which is responsible for the reserved, stand-offish look he so often wears in public. But in private he is boisterous . . . a real boy.

This boisterousness is encouraged by his parents. For his birthday party the Queen had all the furnishings removed from one room at the palace, and swings and a slide installed so that the Prince and his young guests could let rip.

The long, expensively-carpeted corridors which the Duke of Windsor has revealed he regarded "without pleasure," Charles has found excellent proving grounds for both his tricycle and his blue pedal-car.

So far, his parents have done all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they can to shield him from the limelight which must inevitably be his. No one has yet bowed or curtsied to him—that may not come for several years—and he is still not fully aware of the high position he will one day occupy. He realizes, however, that he is someone out of the ordinary.

"That's me, isn't it, Mummy?" he piped up one day in church when the minister prayed God to bless "His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall."

It was not until just before the Coronation that Charles understood his mother was Queen. And that slipped out by accident. He came upon a private secretary sorting some of the ceremonial regalia.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Getting these ready for the Queen."

A puzzled frown crossed his face. "The Queen—who's that?"

"Why, your mother."

"Oh, is my mummy the Queen?"

A worried private secretary waited for a royal reprimand, but none came.

Taken to Westminster Abbey to see the Coronation, Charles' chief interest seemed to be the Brilliantine which had been used to make his unruly hair stay in place. He kept smoothing his head, then sniffing his hand.

"Doesn't it smell nice, Grannie?" he was heard to say during a moment of solemn silence.

The first time he went to church, he fidgeted so that he had to be brought out at the start of the sermon. But now this restless stage is almost a thing of the past. In public, even when his interest flags, he knows he must keep reasonably still, unlike his four-year-old sister, Anne, who is always on the move, always bubbling over. He does what he is told instantly, and is learning to wear always the iron mask of royalty.

He has his father's almost excessive politeness, speaking up in a loud, clear voice when someone opens a door for him or helps him over an awkward spot: "Thank you very much."

He even reminds his small sister upon occasion: "Anne, you haven't said 'thank you.'"

He looks upon himself very much as the older brother, giving a quick shake of the head or a slight frown to keep her in check, as his mother once did with Princess Margaret.

Much as Charles adores her, he must beat his sister at everything. He will stand on the pedals, exert himself to the utmost, if her tricycle seems likely to be first at the next turn.

Brother and sister play together the usual make-believe games of childhood. Cowboys and Indians had its vogue following the arrival of realistic outfits from America.

And since their mother was crowned, "Coronation" has been another favorite game, with a paper hat for a crown and Anne as queen.

Charles has a boy's love of railway engines. Taken to the station to see some relatives off, he was fascinated by the green flag and whistle with which the stationmaster signaled the train to start.

"Can I do that?" asked Charles.

The stationmaster was in something of a fix. It was contrary to regulations, but a request from the Prince was almost a royal com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mand. Hesitantly, he handed over the flag and whistle, and Prince Charles signaled the next train out . . . three minutes late.

Such are the compensations which come the way of the heir to a throne. But it is still a lonely life, with long separations from his parents. When they are away, Grannie and Aunt Margot fill the breach.

Elizabeth hoped to bring up her son herself, but her official duties enable her to see him for only half an hour after breakfast and an hour and a half at the end of the day, a noisy 90-minute playtime which the palace staff says can be heard "all over the house."

The little Prince and the Duke have a warm father-son relationship. He admires the Duke tremendously, preferring to sit on his knee rather than his mother's lap; and he was in transports of excitement and delight the first time he saw his father score a goal in a polo match.

Mealtimes for the Prince never vary—breakfast at 8:15, lunch at 12:30, tea (bread and butter sandwiches, jam or cookies) at 4:30, and then a hot drink before going to bed.

For breakfast there is cereal followed by bacon and egg or haddock, and a glass of milk; for lunch, fish, meat or chicken, vegetables and a sweet.

Charles' fifth birthday found a governess taking charge of his training—Katherine Peebles, another Scotswoman, formerly governess to the children of the Duchess of Kent.

In her department, Miss Peebles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the supreme authority. For the Queen, brought up under the same system, knows that a governess must go unchallenged if she is to achieve anything worthwhile.

At present, Charles sits at a table with Miss Peebles for his lessons, but in another year—when he has a tutor—some of the lessons will be done standing, essential training for the long hours he will eventually spend on his feet.

He is learning reading, writing, and simple arithmetic and history, and the Queen's Commonwealth tour became an exciting geography lesson on the world map which hangs on the nursery wall. He is learning to ride, too, and revels in the swimming instruction which his father gives him in the indoor pool at the palace.

If he goes to school, it will not be until he is eight. His father, who went to Gordonstoun, an ultra-modern school in Scotland, and afterwards to the Royal Naval Academy at Dartmouth, would like Charles to have much the same sort of basic education.

But there is much in the training of an heir to the throne not covered by an ordinary school curriculum. The Queen, for instance, made a special study of constitutional law, the British Commonwealth and the history of the United States. Charles must do the same.

Later will come service in one or other of the armed forces. His grandfather and father both were in the Navy, the Duke also learning to fly with the Royal Air Force. The Queen, on the other hand, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards, had already put the boy's name down for the regiment before he was a year old.

Probably at 16 will come Charles' installation as Prince of Wales at the ancient ceremony in Caernarvon Castle. In sweltering robes, seated on a throne beside his mother, he will have learned just enough Welsh to address the Welsh nobles in their ancient tongue.

As Prince of Wales his motto will be "I Serve" . . . and already this small boy of six is being carefully dedicated to the task of patient, lifelong service to the peoples of the British Commonwealth.

Fully Responsible

A MISSOURI BUSINESSMAN became incensed at the "not responsible for my wife's debts" notices appearing day after day in the personal column of the local paper and decided to do something about it. Shortly thereafter, he ceremoniously presented his wife with a copy of the paper and pointed out to her the following ad:

"I am responsible for all debts and obligations of my wife, Charlotte T., both present and future, and am more than happy to be the provider for a woman who has borne me six lovely children and, with an overabundance of love and care, has made the past 21 years of loving kindness the nicest years of my life. On this, the eve of our twenty-first wedding anniversary, I wish to publicly express my gratitude." Beneath was his name, signed in full.

—EMMA M. PHILLIPS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture Story

The World of Abraham Lincoln . . .

These Things He Saw

Introduction by Paul H. Douglas
U. S. Senator from Illinois

Lincoln is our most beloved American. He proved that even a politician can become a saint, that the wisdom of the serpent can be combined with the harmlessness of the dove, that the forces of destruction can be guided by mercy, and that in recognizing realities one can at the same time direct them.

Weighted down with virtually every disadvantage, a poverty-stricken and a culturally barren boyhood, an unsuccessful youth, a nagging wife and an embittered nation, he overcame all of these. He saved the Union, destroyed slavery, and spoke the noble words which formed the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural. In doing all this, he was never priggish, but always embodied the earthiness and tang of prairie life. He therefore seems one of ourselves and as we might indeed be, if we could but rise to our highest possibilities. All this, I believe, is why we cherish and revere his memory.

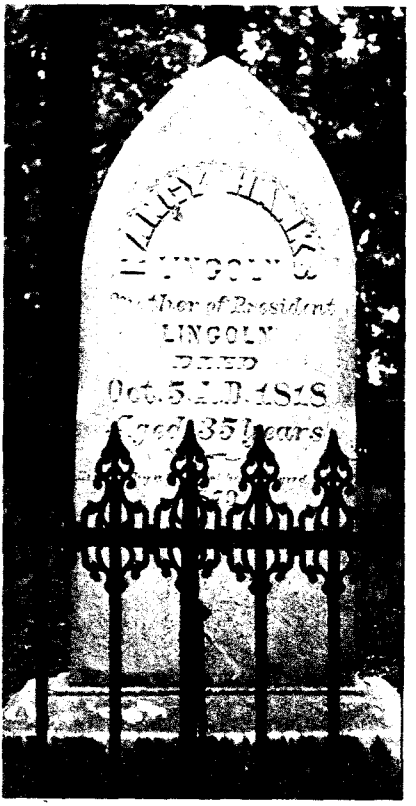
Photographs by Bradley Smith

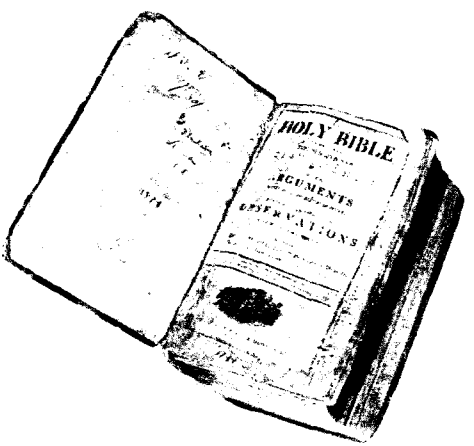
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE WAS A SINGULAR MAN, and in him immortality found her own—this man born in a bed of corn-husks and bear-skins, in a rude Kentucky cabin and named for a grandfather shot by the Indians. He was a strange man, yes—for our temples can tingle at the sound of his name, and we can be shaken by the mighty thought of what he was. We look into that gaunt and melancholy face, with its sharp-etched lines, its somber, deep-set eyes, and seek to read the secret written there. History grew where he walked: legend was made where he lived and worked and dreamed. The ax-handle upon which he carved his name; the slippers he wore; the faded, crumbling pages of the book from which he learned, despite his shyness, to speak before a crowd; the rough-hewn cooper's shop in which he studied law—these are the stuff of legend. For these things his eyes looked upon—these things Lincoln saw.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE WAS A SILENT CHILD and one in whom emotions ran too deep for words. He was "solemn as a papoose" at seven. At eight he followed the bull-tongued plow and learned to "cipher to the rule of three." From the family Bible, his mother read to him and gave him the talisman of her love. Later he could say, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." He was nine when she became fatally ill. ("Oh Lord, oh Lord," said his kinsman, Dennis Hanks, "I'll never forget it, the misery in that cabin in the woods when Nancy died.") He whittled the pegs that held her coffin together and helped his father bury her close to the deer run, for deer were the only wild creatures she had no fear of.



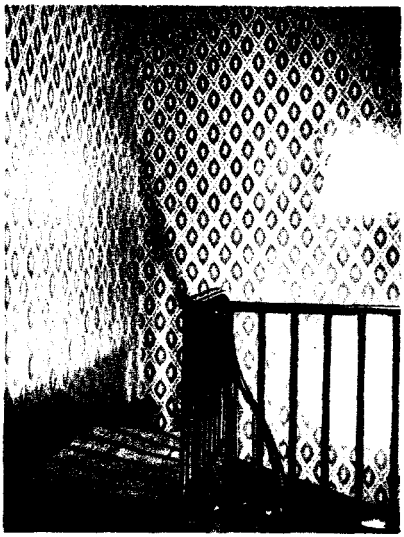


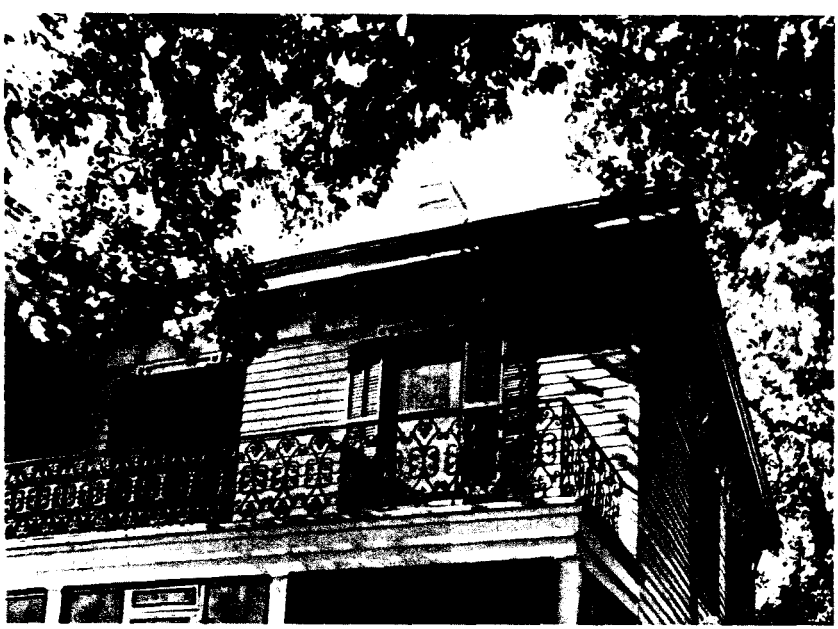
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE WARM, DROWSY DAYS of an Illinois summer, through the wavery panes of his office window, he looked out on the town courthouse and the town square: watched—and knew—the comings and goings, the vexations and self-searchings of his fellow citizens. Farmhand, clerk, surveyor, soldier, legislator, and now, at 28, a lawyer in Springfield (by grace of borrowed books), he knew his people. As one can see in a drop of ocean water the mysteries of all the seas, so in the slow ebb and flow of village life, in the hopes and yearnings of farmer and townsman, he touched the pulse of all humanity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

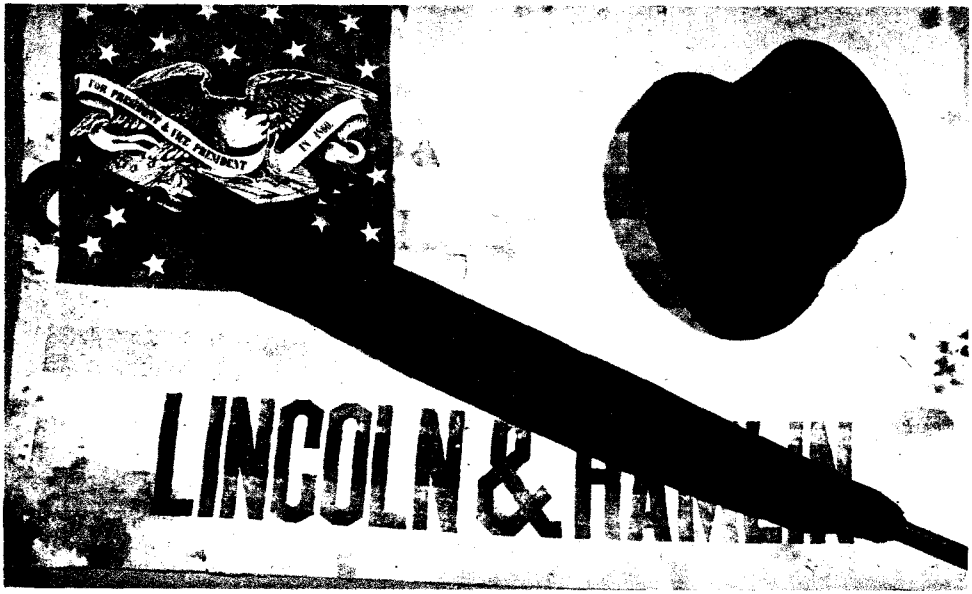
HE KNEW HIS PEOPLE—but he was not sure he knew himself. Before he married Mary Todd, he suffered agonies of doubt. He quarrelled, broke their engagement, then made up again. Yet he wrestled with his soul. (What sad magic was wrought by the memory of Ann Rutledge, whom he wooed and lost to death?) But in November, 1842—he 33, she 23—they were wed, he "as pale and trembling as if being driven to slaughter." In this Springfield home he lived for 17 years: here three sons were born and one died; and here he grew in stature until no place but Washington could take his measure.



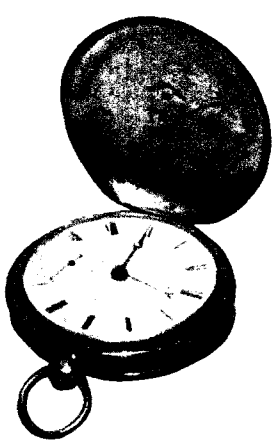


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ DIGS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HE WAS A MAN OF SORROWS. Who is to know what inner communings he kept in the lonely hours of the night? Although his wife was much the belle, given to gay gowns and pink roses in her hair, his dress bespoke the man: he wore somber black and, with his silk hat and worn black umbrella, his ungainly and angular figure, he was said to be the homeliest man in Illinois the year he ran for President. Those who later met him in the White House saw him as one apart, a man of deepening mystery—his face "furrowed and harrowed by unexampled cares and infinite perplexities." He held, and knew he held, a country's destiny in his hands.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He had premonitions of violent death. Ten days before he went to Ford's Theatre to see "Our Country Cousin," he dreamed he heard subdued sobs, and that he left his bed and wandered downstairs to see a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. "Who is dead in the White House?" he demanded, in his dream. "The President; he was killed by an assassin," came the answer. As in the dream, so in reality. Fatally shot by John Wilkes Booth, he was carried unconscious to a house across the street. There, at 7:22 of the morning of April 15, 1865, he expired. The tolling of the bells began: their echo will not be silenced in our time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Brooklyn's Botanic Garden the blind "see" and "re-see" the beauties of nature

Garden of Fragrance

by SID FRIGAND

TINY KAREN STARCKE sniffed and tugged at her mother's sleeve as they approached a low garden wall behind which appeared a cluster of pretty red blossoms.

"Are those flowers?" she asked. Her soft blue eyes, seeing nothing, were fixed in the direction of the blooms' spicy scent.

"Touch them, Karen," her mother said, and directed the blind child's hand toward the plants.

The four-year-old's sensitive fingertips lighted on the surface of a leaf, moved gently around the edges, over veins and ribs. Suddenly her lips, which had formed a little round "o" as she concentrated on her tactile adventure, widened into a smile.

"That's a leaf, Mommy, isn't it?" she exclaimed. "Can I please see some more?"

The word "see" has the meaning of total experience to a person blind since birth. In Karen the sum of her senses had produced an image of beauty as vivid as any seen with perfect vision.

Karen's dramatic encounter with nature was not a chance happening in some obscure woodland. She was in the Brooklyn Botanic Garden which has recently opened its novel Garden of Fragrance for the Blind. Already thousands of sightless visitors have journeyed miles for the simple rewards of smelling a rose, touching a leaf or walking unhurried across a long carpet of grass. More than half of them visit the garden alone, for it was specifically designed for the enjoyment of the unescorted blind.

The blind visitor enters on a gently descending ramp paved with a porous, non-skid material. At the bottom he becomes aware of flagstone under foot and knows he is on the garden walk.

The guide rail he held as he walked down the ramp leads him to a low stone wall that rings the oval-shaped sunken garden. Ar-

PRODUCED BY SERVICE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ranged just behind the wall are a myriad of delightfully scented or pleasantly textured plants and flowers in beds higher than the walk so that the visitor need not stoop to sniff or touch. Here, literally at his fingertips, is one of the largest collections of fragrant plants in the country.

As he becomes aware of each new scent, he need only touch the top of the wall nearest it. Imbedded there he will find a metal label bearing the name of the plant in Braille and raised Roman letters.

Walking around the oval he can enjoy the familiar scents of lavender, lilac and rose; and mixed among them the more exotic aromas of flowering tobacco, Russian olive, and lesser-known herbs. Plants interesting to the touch, like holly, pussy willow, stonecrop and lamb's ears, are also displayed.

AFTER A TOUR of the acre-sized garden, the visitor can retire to a cool terrace which also serves as a classroom for courses in nature study and gardening offered the blind through the facilities of the Botanic Garden. Thus, children like little Karen—who were born into darkness—not only have a public place where they can sniff a variety of flowers, but can learn to name them and, more important, grow them.

Peter J. Salmon, Executive Director of Brooklyn's famed Industrial Home for the Blind, who is himself blind, points out that at least 90 per cent of all blind persons in this country became so after the age of 20. For them the thrilling aspect of the garden is that it serves to renew the love of growing plants and at the same time helps recall nature's beauty through new senses.

While the garden was being planned, landscape architect Alice Recknagel Ireys had several consultations with Mr. Salmon and Theresa Wood, a blind teacher.

"Their advice proved invaluable," Mrs. Ireys says, "but both were reluctant to accept guide rails or other devices to aid the blind. All they desired was the license to investigate the world of nature about them."

A well-dressed blind businessman, resting beside a burbling fountain at the eastern edge of the sunken garden, put it this way:

"Personally, I go for that stretch of grass out there." He pointed to a long, oblong patch of turf, curtained on either side by shrubs and tall evergreens. "There's a spot among those pines that's like paradise. The trees smell sort of spicy and the needles make the ground soft and cool. The sound of the wind in the trees is really something, too. I guess most people take sounds for granted —like the pleasant gurgling of this fountain here."

Reactions like this are most gratifying to Dr. George S. Avery, Jr., Director of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, who was eager to be the first to provide the American public with a Garden of Fragrance. Scented gardens had been flourishing in Britain since the first one was constructed in 1939. In the winter of 1953, plans were laid for Brooklyn's garden and by spring, the Women's Auxiliary of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden had undertaken sponsorship of the project.

Once announcement had been made, pledges and gifts poured in from garden clubs, women's clubs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and similar groups throughout the nation. Significantly, however, the first tangible gift received was an expertly carved birdhouse made by a blind workman at the Industrial Home.

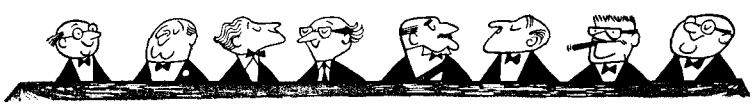
The Brooklyn project, which could serve well as a pattern for other communities to follow, marked a special sort of accomplishment for Dr. Avery and his staff.

"It had always been our dream," he said recently, standing near the entrance of the Garden of Fragrance, "to transmit the beauty of our garden to those who could not see." He broke into a smile and pointed to a sign. "But that's one thing I never dreamed would appear in a botanic garden."

The sign, which was carefully printed in both Braille and raised letters, read: PLEASE TOUCH THE FLOWERS.

BRAIN TWISTER

Eight Seats at a Banquet



EIGHT WELL-KNOWN and successful men were the honored guests at a banquet. Among them was a newspaper publisher, a manufacturer of cosmetics, a research scientist, a poet, an ambassador, a hat designer, a foreign correspondent and a hotel owner. One had been born in a slum, one was the son of a minister, one was the child of wealthy parents, one was a farm boy, one was the child of circus performers, one was a foundling of unknown parentage, one was born in a foreign land and one was born at sea. Which was which? (See page 141 for the answers.)

1. The rich boy's parents gave their son all the advantages of higher education and travel. They are immensely proud of his fame.
2. The research scientist has never been out of the U. S. His parents' sacrifices to educate him are well rewarded by his achievements.
3. The hat designer's mother loves his creations, but his father is embarrassed by his son's occupation.
4. The farm boy had to leave school at 14, when his father died, to help his mother on the farm.
5. The circus child's parents were killed when he was six months old.
6. The minister disowned his son because of his worldly occupation.
7. The foreign-born boy lived in England with his parents until they were killed in the Blitz.
8. The one born on a ship is the only child of poor immigrants.
9. The correspondent's sister is his secretary.
10. The hotel man was raised from birth by his only relative, an aunt.
11. The ambassador was born in the house his family had lived in since Colonial days.
12. The cosmetics manufacturer and his twin brother left the home of their parents at 16 to earn their own living in the city.
13. The poet's parents lavish devotion on their only child.—MARGOT BANDINI

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children Need Spanking!

by THOMAS CONWAY

Physical discipline can be a confession of failure—or a means of preparing your child to meet future problems

LIKE THOUSANDS of other parents, my wife and I were thoroughly indoctrinated in what the textbooks call the "permissive" school of child training. That meant we could persuade, direct or gently divert the budding egos of our three children, but never force them physically.

Our bible for "modern" child-rearing laid down the law to us: "If Freddy does not obey, shall you spank him? You have only to try it once to realize that, psychologically, it does not work. Spanking him is your confession of failure! It shows a woeful lack of imagination. Almost all situations can be handled with courtesy."

So, in our "permissive" home, we reasoned and we were courteous at all times to George, eight; his imitative sister, Linda, four; and our year-old baby, Johnny. When logic and courtesy failed, we hastily racked our imaginations to think up some diversionary attraction. When *that* failed, we simply surrendered with a sense of guilt over our own inadequacies.

More than once, the palm of my hand itched, but our textbook made it plain that the ultimate parental weapon, physical discipline, was arbitrary and old-fashioned. Who were we to oppose our opinions to such experts?

"Spanking as a disciplinary measure is out of date," the book said flatly. "We give the child opportunities to *do* rather than to undo, and we do not punish him for doing something undesirable or destructive, when there was, to him, no alternative discernible. *You will gain much if you train yourself to assume the child's point of view*," (italics mine).

Mentally, my wife and I got down on our hands and knees, trying to understand tantrums and disobedience from George's and Linda's point of view. But we just couldn't get through, and more and more the situation got on our nerves. Though I guiltily refused to admit it, I reached the stage where I dreaded coming home at night. Instead of a family, I presided over a noisy debating society in which both sides had lost their tempers.

One morning Harry Jones, principal at George's school, phoned me to come right over. "You've got to do something about your boy," he told me. "I've been letting things slide, though his teachers have complained that he is unruly and disrespectful. But this morning was too much. He picked up a rock, defied the playground instructor and hit another boy on the head."

I had been braced for a lecture

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on George's poor marks, but this flabbergasted me. When I got over there, I asked, "How about the other kid? Is he bigger than George? Didn't he start it?"

The principal shook his head. "That makes it all the worse. The boy is smaller and younger, and just wanted his turn at bat. George is badly spoiled. You might as well realize it."

I could feel myself flushing angrily. "Look, Harry, when you and I went to school, you were no angel, and I remember your father taking you out to the woodshed more than once. But things are different today. I've tried to bring my kids up the way you child experts say to do it. Now, if you don't like the results, maybe you have some further helpful suggestions."

Harry grinned. "I hoped that 'permissiveness' was at the bottom of it. Maybe I'm a traitor to the modern school, but, man to man, I'd advise you to take *strong* measures with George. The law won't let me do it."

"But, Harry, spankings went out with the Model T! I've never raised my hand to George."

Thoughtfully, he looked at me. "You know, I can't believe it's mere coincidence. First, the powers-that-be took away the ruler from us teachers and now we find disrespect, disobedience, outright defiance constantly increasing. Mark my words, some day the pendulum will swing the other way from this 'permissive' nonsense."

I didn't go to work that day: I stayed home and rehashed the mess with my wife. "I'm afraid Harry is right," she said reluctantly. "Wouldn't it have been awful if George had really hurt that other boy!"

I agreed, but I dreaded the thought of a showdown. "Let's try to discuss it first," I said. "He's old enough to reason with."

When George came in, he was crying. A boy had "picked on" him, and the playground instructor had been "mean." He threw himself into his mother's arms, looking for sympathy.

"That's not true, George," I told him. "Your principal called and told me you should be punished. And you'll have to apologize to the boy you hurt."

Abruptly he stopped crying. "I won't! I won't! I won't!" he shouted. "Don't talk to me!"

Well, there it was. Eight years of "permissiveness" had made my boy a liar, and an unrepentant and defiant one at that. "All right," I said heavily, realizing there was no alternative, "over my knee!"

Afterwards, he fled in a cloud of howls and tears. With my wife, I wondered whether Harry had been right. George stayed quietly in his room until dinner. Then he came down and took his place with sheepish glances at me.

Halfway through the meal, George blurted, "I'm sorry, Dad. I'll try to be good, honest!"

Silly as it may sound, I felt myself choking a little. "Okay, son. Don't forget to say something to the other boy tomorrow morning."

George is 13 now and in the intervening five years, I don't think I have had to spank him more than three or four times. I don't mean that there was an overnight transition in his character. But I did drive it through his head that he just

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

couldn't get away with anything.

Gradually, his conduct improved and with it, his school marks. Today, he is an enthusiastic Boy Scout, a good sport in athletics and among the top five scholastically in his class. I don't think it's entirely parental pride on my part when I say George is turning out all right.

Once my wife and I steeled ourselves to substitute action for pleading words, we had no hesitations about spanking Linda, or Johnny as he grew older. On our side, we try to observe a certain fair play: the offense is clear and at least one warning has been disregarded. On their side, the children accept the spankings not submissively but at least sportingly. No matter what the textbooks may say, they don't resent or fear us or contract that popular malady known as "insecurity."

I remember Bill Adams and his wife next door thought it was dreadful when I began spanking George. "I'll never manhandle young Bill like that," he told me. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Well, a couple of years ago, when young Bill was 13, he began running away from home, and the Adamses moved to the other side of town "to get him away from the wrong crowd." Young Bill himself couldn't be at fault, you see. Today, I hear from friends, Bill at 15 is a sullen, indifferent student.

Worst of all, by now he is so spoiled that the other kids are gradually dropping him and he is becoming "a loner." Some day, before it's too late, I hope big Bill will get some sense into his head. Forget parents, teachers and adults for the moment. When the *kids* can't stand another kid, that's a danger signal.

The only hazard in spanking comes when the child feels he is unjustly disciplined. I've reminisced with dozens of men about our childhood trips to the woodshed, and not one of us felt any resentment, except for the times we knew the "old man" was being unfair.

Recently, for example, a neighbor's five-year-old dropped a kitten by the tail from an upstairs window, killing it. I was more shocked by the parents' reaction than the understandably senseless cruelty of a small child.

The mother found her grieving over the kitten and yanked her into the house with a warning, "Just *wait* till your Daddy gets home!" And, sure enough, Daddy backed up Mommy by spanking the child.

The incident bothered me so much that I mentioned it to our pastor after church the following Sunday. "It would have been so much better," he said, "if they had comforted her through her first real experience with guilt and death."

On the other hand, there's Jack Williams across the street who has straightened out his boy with the spanking treatment because, I feel, he does it intelligently. Just a few months ago, Jack happened to be home one week day when his ten-year-old came back from school in the morning, complaining vaguely of a "headache." As it turned out, he had started to play hookey and then become conscience-stricken.

"My first impulse was to spank him and settle the problem once and for all," Jack told me later. "Back in second grade, when he began 'missing' the school bus on purpose, one spanking did the trick.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Then I realized that he had repented on his own before he'd been found out. I knew he would get some kind of punishment at school, and that seemed enough to me. So far as my own scoring was concerned, I told him I wouldn't hold it against him—this time."

Spankings were never intended to solve genuinely neurotic tensions, nor, in themselves, "build character." Probably such old-fashioned faith in them as a cure-all is the chief reason for their disfavor today. But now, many child experts are coming to believe that modern psychology threw out the baby with the bath in condemning them in entirety.

There is, they say, at least one imperative reason for restoring them. Spankings *now* can avert beatings later. If not parental beatings, then certainly the harsher punishment the world will inflict. Parents who avoid the responsibilities of discipline are merely deferring—and piling up—their children's problems for drastic solutions sometime in the future.

Eight Seats at a Banquet

(Answers to Brain Twister on page 137)

THE FOUNDLING'S parentage is unknown. Therefore he is not one of those whose parents or relatives are mentioned: the poet (13), the scientist (2), the ambassador (11), the hotel man (10), the correspondent (9), the hat designer (3), or the cosmetics manufacturer (12). He is the newspaper publisher.

The research scientist has never been out of the U. S. (2). He was not born in a foreign land nor on a ship at sea. His parents are living, so he is not the circus child (5) nor the farm boy (4). His parents made sacrifices to educate him, so he is not the child of wealthy parents (1). His parents are rewarded by his achievements, so he is not the disowned son of the minister. The research scientist was born in a slum.

The cosmetics manufacturer and his brother left home at 16 to earn their living (12). He is not the rich boy who had a college education, nor the one born at sea who was an only child, nor the foreign-born who lived with his parents until they were killed, nor the circus child whose parents died when he was an infant, nor the farm boy whose father died when he was 14. The cosmetics manufacturer is the minister's disowned son.

The hat designer's parents are living (3). His mother is proud of him but his father is not. The rich boy's parents are both proud of him (1). One or both parents of the foreign-born, the circus child, and the farm boy are dead. The hat designer was born at sea.

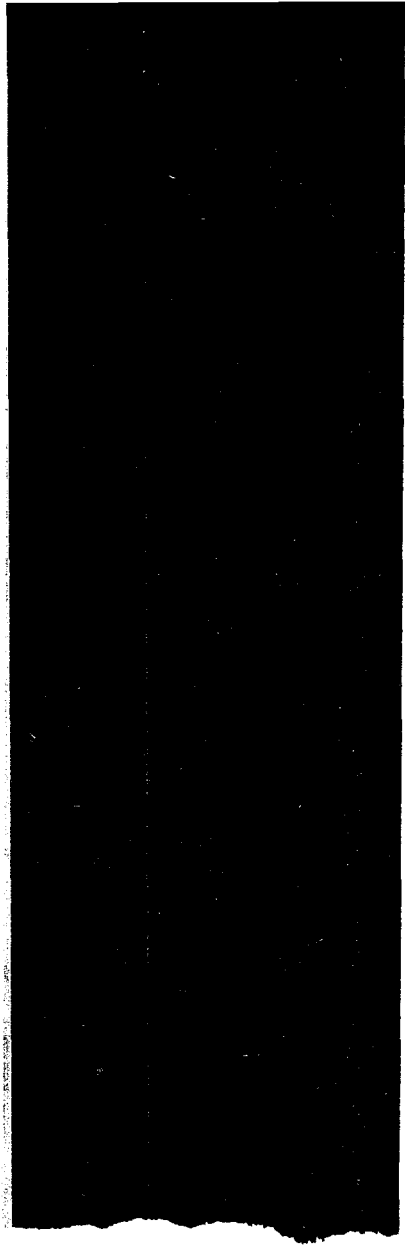
The poet is the only child of living parents (13). One or both parents of those unaccounted for are dead, with the exception of the wealthy parents. The poet is the rich boy.

The hotel man was brought up by an aunt from infancy (10). He is not the farm boy nor the foreign-born. He is the child of circus performers.

The ambassador is not the foreign-born (11). He is the farm boy.

The correspondent is the foreign-born.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CCOUNTANT:

By offering a wide variety of services,

by GERHARDT M. HOFF

LEON AND GENEVIEVE Ezzell had managed someone else's business for more than 20 years, and it was a dream come true when they finally decided to open their own seedstore in Stamford, Connecticut.

Since the only other seedstore in the city had just closed, the couple figured they could match at least a third of the other store's sales at the start. "I plan to get a $5,000 bank loan to keep us above water for the first few months," Leon told their accountant.

After sounding out potential customers—New York commuters who liked to spend their weekends green-thumbing in suburban gardens—the accountant shocked the Ezzells with the prediction that they would be bankrupt in ten weeks.

"You don't know how popular you are around here," he told them. "People like you. They want your new business to be a success. And they will come in droves."

"But how can too much business hurt us?" Leon wanted to know.

The accountant explained that with so many customers, the store would quickly sell out its initial stock. Since most sales would be charge accounts, the proprietors would lack cash funds to order more. The bank might not bail them out with another loan and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Business Booster

he has become the small businessman's best friend

business would come to a standstill.

Leon took the accountant's advice and established a $22,000 line of credit with the bank. Actual sales were four times as much as expected and the additional money from the bank tided them over until cash payments began to come in.

"We owe much of our success to our accountant," the Ezzells, now owners of a thriving business, freely acknowledge.

Such assistance to small businessmen is routine for the country's hundreds of thousands of accountants. For example, the American Institute of Accountants, national professional society of Certified Public Accountants, estimates that its average member devotes more than half of his time to businesses with less than $100,000 annual gross income.

In the past ten years the number of CPAs has doubled. "This has been very largely in answer to the growing needs of the small businessman for competent financial and tax guidance," declares John L. Carey, Executive Director of the AIA.

After a thorough apprenticeship and rigorous state examinations, approximately 2,500 new CPAs, most of them college graduates, enter the profession every year to keep up with this demand; and some 17 per cent of them have settled in communities with a population of less than 50,000.

It is a costly luxury to cling to discredited prejudices against accountants, for the price may be bankruptcy. An investigation of 408 bankrupt businesses revealed that 53 per cent showed no evidence of accounting work. One such failure could well have been the Ezzells' seedstore, which has now grown almost beyond the confines of a small business.

Other types of businesses show these typical monthly charges: a small cafeteria—$35, a bar—$30, a haberdasher—$40, a hardware store—$30. In most cases, fees are based on length of time spent on an account rather than savings effected.

Accountants point out that they generally save their clients amounts substantially higher than their fees. For example, a California hobby-shop owner hired an accountant to go over his books and prepare his income tax return. After hearing that his new client's wife was working in the shop at $60 a week, the accountant immediately discovered a potential saving of about $200 a year.

"You didn't have to pay unem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ployment insurance taxes, and she didn't have to make Federal Old Age and Survivor's Insurance payments on her salary because she is a member of your immediate family," he explained, and obtained a $400 refund for the two previous years—a sum that equaled his entire first year's fee.

Sometimes the accountant doubles as a business detective and prevents the loss of millions of dollars to embezzling and cheating employees. In one instance, the trusted barkeeper of a roadside tavern decided to go into "silent" partnership with the widow who owned the establishment by pocketing the price of every fifth drink that he sold.

When the accountant looked over the widow's books, he was surprised to see that, unlike other bars, she was making only a 25 per cent profit on her sales volume. "You should make about 40 per cent on every bottle you sell," he told her, and upon his advice she let the bartender go. Within a week her profits increased just as her accountant had predicted.

The accountant's occasional function as a business detective is only one of a wide variety of services. A compilation by New York CPA Max Block lists nearly 140, including supervision of buying, selling and personnel policy, checks of inventories and productivity, merchandising and advertising, compliance with government regulations. Through his accountant, the small businessman can get competent advice in practically every phase of business.

A Long Island washing machine repairman came out of the Army and, though he tried hard to become a success in business, could never make more than $40 a week. Finally he consulted an accountant and told him, "I cover 300 miles a week. I work day and night. I think I am doing a good job. But I can't make any money."

The accountant asked how much time he spent driving from job to job, and how much actually fixing washing machines.

"About fifty-fifty," the repairman said.

The trouble was simply that he failed to charge his customers for the time he was traveling from job to job. "So you have to raise your charges about 50 per cent," the accountant recommended.

The repairman took his advice and within a short time was able to enlarge his business, hire an assistant and double his income.

Some accountants build such a close relationship to their clients that they act not only as business consultants but also find themselves involved in family relations. In one case, a family trucking business was about to dissolve because of suspicion that one brother was squandering funds on entertainment and expense-account padding. But the accountant's report of "no unreasonable expenses" held it together and it eventually grew into a million-dollar enterprise.

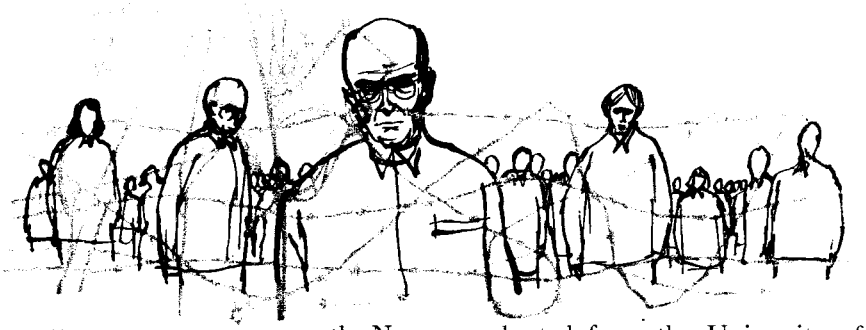
Most clients gladly acknowledge that their accountants aren't just a "deductible business expense." As one businessman put it: "My wife sees a psychoanalyst. I see my accountant. I can tell him all my worries. He is my best friend. And real friends are hard to come by in business."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A little-known organization helps skilled refugees lead useful lives

Fraternity of the Saved

by TRIS COFFIN



WHEN HOWARD LINDSAY, the New York producer, was preparing a recent play, he needed an authentic transcription of a language spoken in Turkestan. Telephoning a small office on West 45th Street, he asked, "Have you any Uzbeks?"

"When do you want them?" the office replied.

"Tonight," said Lindsay.

That evening three Uzbeks—Moslems from southern U.S.S.R.—were rapping at the stage door.

On another occasion a Government bureau in Washington called the same office and asked, "Do you have anyone who knows anything about Samarkand?" A few days later, a Polish political scientist, who had been taken from his native country to Samarkand as a child of three and remained there until he graduated from the University of Samarkand, was on his way to Washington. Today, he is preparing an important analysis on the economic geography of Soviet Central Asia.

The organization that filled these exotic requests is the little-known American Council for Emigrés in the Professions, which translates the tragedy of flight from tyranny into useful service for freedom. Talented but bewildered men and women who have come to its modest New York office hunting a new life have gone on to key jobs in industry, to universities, technical schools and research centers.

With candidates on file from 47 countries who speak 87 languages, the ACEP (also known by its original name, the American Council

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Emigré Scholars, Writers and Artists) can provide skills and rare tongues on short notice. When a Pentagon official reported a need for "expert data on the Polish-Soviet border," Mrs. Griffith Baily Coale, who handles such requests for the Committee, dug through her files and produced the former head of the Big-Scale Map Division of the Warsaw Military Institute.

A majority of the emigrés who avail themselves of ACEP's friendly guidance are refugees from behind the Iron Curtain, seeking to fit into the complex pattern of America.

ONE HOT JULY DAY four years ago, E. George Roka, a handsome young Hungarian escapee, appeared and announced with great self-assurance that he was a scientist. To the amazement of the staff member assigned to interview him, his papers showed that he was not only a scientist but had worked with Dr. Hans Geiger on the Geiger counter and in experiments with cloud chambers; that he had been responsible for a new theory related to cosmic radiation, and had written highly-regarded scientific documents.

First, English lessons were arranged for Dr. Roka. Next, it was learned through friends in industry that the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company was looking for theoretical physicists to work on an exciting new device. George Roka applied and was accepted.

The Hungarian scientist soon became one of the key figures in the development of the transistor, a tiny electronic miracle which may widely replace the vacuum tube and greatly reduce power costs. He has now moved to General Motors, where, at the age of 33, he is head of a new department to develop semi-conductor devices.

The organization which gave Dr. Roka his start was founded by Else Staudinger, an intense and cheerful woman who left Germany in the early days of the Hitler regime. In New York, she joined a group of college professors who ran an "underground railway" to help eminent scholars and scientists escape Nazi control. There she met Dr. Alvin Johnson, well-known educator and former director of the New School for Social Research. Often she worked 20 hours a day, fighting against time for immigration permits and jobs.

In 1945, with the aid of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Staudinger formed ACEP to meet the emergency created by the release of hundreds of refugees who had been employed in war work. Angry at her own wretched, "I'm sorry," when they came to her, Mrs. Staudinger set out to find work and funds for them.

She enlisted the help of such individuals as Henry Seidel Canby, editor and author, and small foundations like the Marion R. and Max Ascoli Funds. She wrote to every college in the country, and also asked friends in industry to keep an eye out for openings.

Today, gifts from individuals and grants from 23 foundations make up the Committee's meager budget. Much of the money goes directly to the emigrés for re-training, instruments and travel to new jobs.

The ACEP is divided into a number of departments: Teachers and Scholars, Musicians, Artists (including painters, sculptors and architects), Area and Language Special-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ists, Industrial Scientists, and Administrative Personnel. Each department is headed by a specialist in the field. Many of the interviewers are themselves refugees. As one says proudly, "Ours is a fraternity of the saved."

Committee members try to match the emigrés, training and experience to vital American needs, help them master our language and customs, get cheap lodgings, meet state requirements for teaching, gather important data for a security check. Resumes and biographical statements are drawn up, letters written in their behalf.

Applicants' cards are cross-filed by languages, specific skills and world areas with which they are familiar. Thus, the Committee is able to find, for example, an economic geographer whose specialty is the lowering level of the Caspian Sea and its effect on ports and fisheries. Or a Sino-Russian expert who was First Secretary of the Chinese Embassy in Moscow. Or a world authority on the eternal frost lands of northern Siberia—because he had done research there on the properties of frozen soils.

When the U. S. Army needed instructors for the Language School at Monterey, California, the Committee came up with 140. Government agencies like the Foreign Operations Administration have been provided with interpreter-escorts for teams of foreign technical experts visiting this country.

One cold-war find whose identity must be hidden for security reasons goes by the alias "E. A. Andreevich." A research engineer for the Soviet Academy of Sciences, he was an independent thinker, forever in trouble with Communist bosses. Only the usefulness of his knowledge saved him.

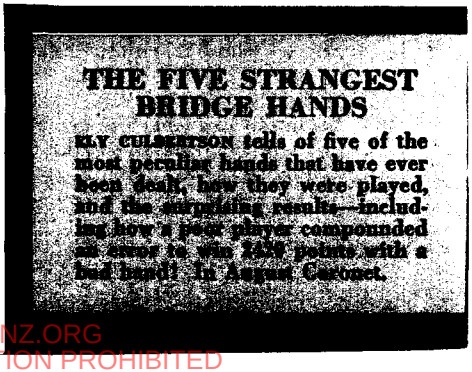
Arrested as an "unreliable" at the start of World War II and sent to a prison camp, he was pulled out after two bleak years and put to work for the NKVD. In this job he studied lend-lease equipment and secret reports from the Soviet Purchasing Commission in Washington.

At war's end Andreevich went to East Germany, closer to certain sources of information. "But I could see the end coming for me," he told ACEP. "Some day, perhaps after a particularly large number of defections, the political police would come after the unreliables once more, and I would go back to prison."

Andreevich contacted American agents and, through them, escaped. Since then he has done research for the Army and Air Force on Soviet methods of stealing scientific secrets.

Few of the emigrés' sagas can match the ups and downs of Mrs. Lubow Zafiowski. A distinguished Russian research scientist in cytology (her specialty was cancer research), she was seized by the Germans in their invasion of Kiev in 1942. Imprisoned in a labor camp, she nonetheless managed to continue her studies.

Nearly a decade later she and her husband, a language professor,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reached the U. S. and came to ACEP. Mrs. Zafiowski was enrolled in a graduate school, as an avenue of return to the laboratory, and her husband was found a job as porter in a small hospital.

Soon he became ill, however, and Mrs. Zafiowski gave up her school work to nurse him. He died on Christmas Eve, 1953. The Committee supported Mrs. Zafiowski while they searched for a way to make this gallant woman's life work of value to her new country. Finally, the University of Pennsylvania became interested, but did not have funds to employ her. ACEP raised the money and Mrs. Zafiowski is now doing important research on cell structure.

One of the ACEP staff has done so well with "hopeless" cases among musicians that many of them refer to her affectionately as "Mother." Matronly Margaret Bush was a noted Viennese singer and piano teacher. Jailed as a Jewess by the Nazis, she was released on the appeal of some of her non-Jewish pupils and began life here as a scrubwoman.

Taking all the lonely musicians under her wing, Mrs. Bush calls on music schools, conductors and agents in their behalf. She also scouts among friends for volunteers to teach them English.

Every Wednesday night, in a bare basement room which she is gradually filling with remodeled furniture, her "children" put on a musical program. A daytime gardener becomes a flutist, a hospital porter a pianist, a Macy saleswoman a cellist. The playing is highly rated.

One of Mrs. Bush's prize finds, Julius Rudel, has conducted the Viennese Evenings at the Lewisohn Stadium the past two years. Another, Francois H. Jaroshy, is musical director of the Hunter College opera workshop. Many others play with symphony orchestras.

All day long, men and women stream through ACEP headquarters seeking and finding help. Finally, long after other offices and shops on 45th Street have closed their doors, the Committee staff straggles to the elevator, tired but curiously elated. As Mrs. Staudinger explains it, "The happiest work in the world is to guide others to useful lives."

Why Editors Leave Town

AS MR. B—— mounted the platform, all eyes were fixed on the large red nose he displayed. Only years of patient cultivation could have produced an object of such brilliance.

—SHEILA DALE MARKS

E. P—— IS the new manager at Pittsfield Kroger store. He replaces P. M—— who has tentative plans to move the state of Washington.

—ELLY DALE SCHAYNE

NOTED in a Los Angeles paper:

Mrs. J—— occasioned a lot of interest by wearing her back suspended from her waist at the back.

—*10,000 Jokes, Toasts & Stories*, edited by LEWIS AND FAYE COPELAND (Garden City Publishing Co.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"NO PRISON CELL CAN HOLD ME"

by WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

Through years of fantastic feats, The Great Houdini justified his proud boast

TO A GENERATION raised on Superman, the name of Harry Houdini means little. In my childhood, it was a name to conjure with.

The Great Houdini, as the world saw him on stage and read about him in the newspapers, was a man possessed of some uncanny power to free himself from any restraint which could be placed upon him, all the way from handcuffs to the wet-sheet pack used in mental hospitals. He had some secret power or ability for getting out of things, and the secret died with him. He always got out—no prison cell, box, trunk, packing case, leg iron or padlock could hold him.

Actually, there were other performers just as skilled in getting out of strait jackets, releasing themselves from handcuffs, and untying ropes. Yet there was only one Harry Houdini. Combining all he knew about magic, locks and audiences, he got out there and "sold the medicine" as no other escape artist ever did before or since.

One of Houdini's last resorts was a duplicate rope. He would let sailors tie him up—but with his own rope. In his cabinet of pipe frames and cloth drapes, where he did most of his escaping after his act took on its distinctive form, was a sharp concealed blade.

With it, if he could not get himself loose with fingers and teeth, he could cut himself free; the job then was to hide the cut rope and the blade and wait for the proper moment to appear, haggard, sweaty,

From *Monster Midway* by William Lindsay Gresham. Rinehart and Company, Inc., New York, Publishers. Copyright, 1953, by the author.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spectators gasped as Houdini was locked in handcuffs, a mail sack, and a nailed and roped case—and then tossed into the icy river . . . .

sometimes with his clothes torn, at the opening of the cabinet. With the rope either coiled nonchalantly over his arm or tied in exactly the same way it had been before, sailor's knots and all, he gave the impression that he could not only make his hands smaller than his wrists but also make his head smaller than his neck.

It was showmanship that sold it. In the hands of an inept performer, it might have been detected; people could have guessed at a hidden blade and a duplicate rope. But not when they saw Houdini, panting, perspiring and apparently exhausted, emerging triumphantly.

In the floor or ceiling of his cabinet he kept one article which the public could never in its wildest theories have guessed—a book to read. He would wait, reading, with the orchestra playing, for the exact moment when the suspense had built up to its peak, and then come out. That was timing with a vengeance. A few brisk calisthenics in the cabinet would produce the sweat, and the flushed face was caused by holding his breath.

In Houdini's day, an audience would sit for an hour or more when the escapist had his hands full with a really tough "challenge" feat. One such was his escape from a strait jacket put on by attendants of a mental hospital. It resembled a prison punishment jacket; the arms were bound to the sides by straps that passed around the body. The underlying "gaff," or secret method, of rope ties and strait-jacket escapes lies in expanding the chest, flexing the muscles, and bringing subtle tensions to play between the arms in order to secure the precious "slack" necessary for one's first attack on the restraint.

Usually Houdini could get unintentional help from committeemen who placed the restraints on him, by gasping as if hurt and by other forms of acting, but the hospital attendants who put him in the jacket were out for blood. Houdini knew a hundred tricks for securing the necessary slack to work one hand free; his muscular fingers were expert at manipulating buckles and keys through heavy canvas, but when he was laced into this particular jacket, it was a real fight.

In every mental hospital there are a few patients who can get out of strait jackets, and the attendants were bound that Houdini was not going to defeat their efforts. How he got out of that one he never told anyone, to my knowledge. But this fact about him was certainly not known to the zealous asylum employees: Houdini could untie simple knots with his toes. He had not known the "armless wonders" of the carnival sideshows for nothing.

When he finally emerged, he was minus a good portion of skin from elbows and neck. Nobody thought to examine his feet. If they had, they might have found that his special socks (with the tips cut away)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revealed torn and bleeding toes.

Houdini's universal challenge to the world to produce something he couldn't get out of brought him some tough ones down the years. Yet he had every possible angle covered. One of his desperate measures, if some challenger produced a contrivance at the last minute that he knew would beat him, was to conceal an assistant in the cabinet and effect the escape with help. He could hardly have done otherwise than be prepared for such an emergency, since he dared not fail.

Houdini also picked up along his way the value of not telling all the truth. Consider the actual workings of a packing-box challenge escape:

Houdini makes a "tie-in" through his advance man with a local firm which manufactures pianos. They are to construct a regulation piano box, and he will be nailed into it by their workmen on the stage, in full view of the audience, and then attempt to escape from it. So far, so good. The box is made.

Houdini, however, insists that it be delivered to the theater the day before the show so that it "may be put on display in the lobby." This is logical and is done.

But when the theater is dark that night, Houdini and his assistants move the box into the great man's dressing room and pry up a couple of planks in one side, substituting short nails for the long ones used by the builders. That is all that is needed.

Next night when the box is moved onstage, Houdini gets in it, the cover is nailed fast and the cabinet placed around it. Houdini, knowing he has it "in the bag," has already started to work when the cover was being put in place. The more nails they use in securing the cover, the better he likes it, for it gives him more time to take from his pockets the parts of a steel jack and assemble them.

When he gets the signal that the cabinet conceals him from the public eye, he already has the jack in place and by twisting the center of it, he pushes out the boards held by the short nails. Once outside, while the orchestra plays an especially loud number, he knocks out the short nails, puts in the original long ones, and hammers the boards back in place.

When he steps out to receive the acclaim of the crowd, the piano-box builders can move their crate directly from the theater and take it apart, trying to solve the mystery.

In his famous wet-pack escape, he dispensed with the concealing cabinet of pipe frame and cloth drapes. This escape he did on a bed in full view of the public, and it was a nerve-wracking ordeal to watch. It was also tough to perform, and he very seldom did it. The clinging mass of sheets, tied around his body and soaked with warm water, would yield only to determination and strength, and these he had up to the day he died. It was not the most spectacular stunt he ever did, but it was probably his hardest.

The prison-cell escape depended on the setup and on the adroitness of the performer in hiding the duplicate key or minute steel hook with which he would open the door. Houdini would frequently demand before he was incarcerated that the committee of jailers, doctors and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reporters further secure him with a mass of handcuffs and manacles. Some would be regulation police cuffs taken directly from the belts of cops on the committee. Some would be from Houdini's own collection.

A set of leg irons, with shackles for the ankles and a steel bar between them, looked as if it would hold Goliath. But this five-foot-eight-inch, 160-pound David could beat it. Also—if the steel bar connecting the shackles was so made that it came apart in the middle, it would be a splendid place to conceal the keys to the standard handcuffs and the prison cell door itself.

One fact which the papers never reported, and could hardly have known about, was Houdini's shadowlike companion and chief assistant, Jim Collins. Magicians who knew Houdini in his prime have told me that Collins was the mechanical brain behind many of the most dramatic escapes, both the "prepared" ones and the challenges.

Collins is an obscure figure. We know that he worked with Houdini for nearly 20 years and on the death of The Boss, as he called him, went with Hardeen—Houdini's brother, an able magician and escapist whom Houdini had set up years before as a make-believe "rival."

Collins was a master mechanic. There were things that Houdini needed built—trick hinges that released, trick locks that could be sprung easily for his underwater escapes—that he could not trust to any ordinary outside mechanic lest the secret be noised abroad. Jimmy Collins was his man.

On a tricky prison-cell challenge, Collins would be the one to give the cell a preliminary inspection, so that he could make a key that would open it or choose a pick that could do the work of a key. And when the time came, it was Collins, unknown to most of the reporters, mistaken by cops for a reporter, by reporters for a doctor and by doctors for somebody else, who would leave the vital tool in a bar of soap on a washstand of the prison cell while "inspecting" the cell as a member of the committee.

On one occasion, some changes at the last minute meant that a new key was needed. While Houdini stalled the committee, Collins quietly left, made the key and returned, giving The Boss the sign that all was okay. Houdini called for a glass of water and Collins ducked out to get it. When the master of locks and restraints drank it, he was set: the key had been in the glass and was now in his mouth.

NOW, LET'S TURN BACK the calendar and take a look at the master magician in the great old days. . . .

The Great Houdini has announced that he will endeavor to escape from handcuffs, a locked mail sack, and a nailed and roped packing case to be tossed into the river through a hole broken in the ice. Shivering police, reporters and spectators gather on the bridge from which the magician will be thrown. Houdini arrives, steps out of the car and throws off a warm robe. He is wearing a bathing suit. With him is the inevitable Collins.

First the handcuffs. Five pairs of regulation cuffs, loaned by the police. Then a pair of antique design borrowed from a private collection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The antique cuffs come last. With several sets already in place on his wrists, Houdini has them put on over his muscular forearms. (With the modern cuffs out of the way, he can slide the old-timers down and slip them off, knocking some skin from his knuckles, but this is a trivial detail.)

In the icy wind the reporters and police need no urging to hurry the process and place the escape artist in the mail bag, which is locked over his head with a regulation government padlock. Now for the packing case. The bag, containing the performer, is placed inside; the cover is nailed shut. Then ropes are bound around it both ways.

At last a line is secured to the binding ropes and the box is lowered over the bridge with block and tackle. It lands with a splash in the opening previously chopped in the ice; it sinks as the line pays out.

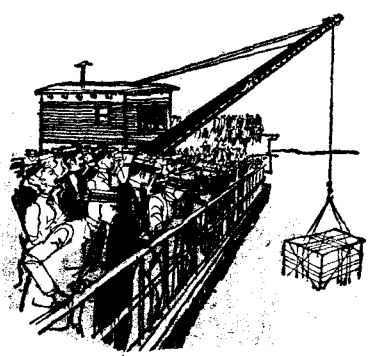
Collins has slipped out of his clothes and is seen wearing a bathing suit in case anything goes wrong and he has to dive in to rescue The Boss. Inside of three minutes an arm breaks the surface, then a head, tossing long hair from its eyes. Houdini gropes for the edge of the ice; eager hands pull him to safety, wrap him in warm blankets. Cameras click, and the waiting crowd cheers.

To appreciate this marvel of nerve, ingenuity and faithful cooperation, let's back up a bit. Houdini knows ahead of time about the antique handcuffs. Collins has examined them the day before the "trial." Their owner will not let them be locked and unlocked, so Collins knows that the lock has either been jammed with fine shot or else is so rusty that the key is liable to break off once the manacles have been snapped in place.

The escape team of Houdini and Collins also knows this elementary fact: all handcuffs of the same make, unless they have been tampered with and rebuilt, unlock with the same key.

Knowing this, Collins has on hand the keys or tools necessary to unlock the "challenge" cuffs. He introduces them into the mail bag while the committee is busy shackling the daredevil. When Houdini gets in the bag he secures the key to the first pair of cuffs, recognizing it by feel and long familiarity, and goes to work on the cuffs while the committeemen are securing the bag. Collins offers valuable assistance here in stalling a little. By the time the packing case has been brought forward, Houdini is out of the shackles.

The box is ready; the bag with its intrepid occupant is lifted in and the top put in place. Collins suggests that they begin by hammering a nail in at each corner of the top. Houdini, struggling with the key of the mail bag lock, which has been pushed out by him on a string and has to be manipulated through the



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heavy canvas, hears two nails go in and knows he is safe to work away on the bag.

Collins stalls a little until he gets a secret signal from The Boss inside that the mail bag is conquered. The cuffs are in the bag, the bag is locked again with Houdini outside it. Now for the roping of the box.

All is set. The packing case has been in Houdini's possession for a day before the stunt. During the night, Collins and the other assistants, Franz Kukol and James Vickery, perhaps helped by Houdini, have been working on the box. Houdini has specified the kind of lumber to be used, its width and thickness. They take the box apart and replace one of the side planks with one of their own. It opens inward on hidden pins that act as hinges. The catch which secures it is released by a paper-thin strip of steel. The nailheads, which apparently hold it, are dummies.

A final signal before lowering away tells Collins that Houdini has slipped back the catches holding this panel and is ready for the icy plunge.

Crash of the box striking the surface; chill rush of water through the slits provided; the escape artist fills his lungs with air for the last time before the water rises above his head.

Houdini can hold his breath for three minutes. He counts off one minute, then pulls in the panel, slides through and drags it shut after him by means of the slots supposedly cut to let the water in and make the box sink. Safe!

There remains but to stay down as long as his oxygen supply lasts, follow the lowering line back to the hole in the ice (the current has swept the box several yards downstream) and make his appearance. In the waistband of his bathing suit he carries a metal tube—in case he misses the opening in the ice and has to float, taking advantage of the thin layer of air under the ice until he can locate the opening.

All through this grueling publicity stunt escape, Collins has been the other half of the Great Houdini. Lock expert, carpenter, designer of trap doors and trick catches, provider of keys and tools, handler of fractious and smart-aleck committeemen—constantly vigilant that nothing goes wrong—he passes almost unnoticed by the reporters and the crowd of spectators.

No general can function without an efficient staff of men devoted to him, obeying his orders, anticipating his needs, offering consolation in dark hours. It does not detract a particle from the greatness of Houdini that as a general he had Collins as his chief of staff. And without Houdini, Collins might have been simply a mechanic of great ability, leading a humdrum life.

PHOTO CREDITS: 4 MGM; 6 Sid Latham from Globe; 8 Carl Bakal; 10 Walter Fischman; 24 Joseph Foldes; 30 NBC-TV; 31 top Bob Towers from Black Star, bottom left FPG; 31 bottom right, 33 Hollenbeck from PIX; 32 Globe Photos; 34 FPG; 44 Joe de Casseres; 51 top left, 54 Universal Pictures; 51 center left, 55 top RKO; 51 bottom left, center right, 56 top Warner Bros., 51 top right, 52-3 Globe Photos; 51 bottom right, 57-8 Columbia Pictures; 55 bottom 20th Century-Fox; 64 Robert Phillips from Black Star; 67 Wide World; 103 Devaney; 120-22, 125 INP; 127-134 Bradley Smith.

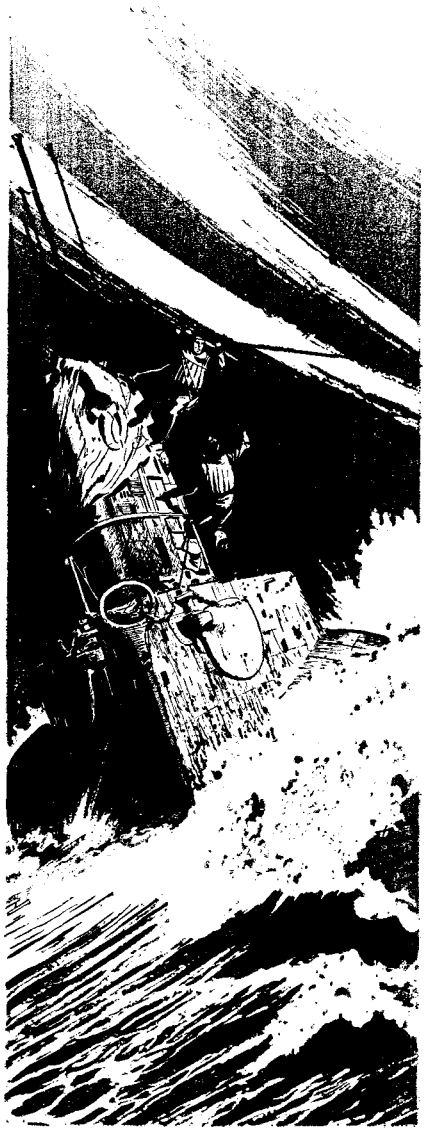
Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wreck of the H-3

Sheer heroism saved the crew of the unlucky Navy submarine

by JOHN WESLEY NOBLE



THE LITTLE COASTAL lumbering town of Eureka, California, went to bed in a state of high excitement on the night of December 14, 1916. A mother ship and three submarines, the first ever to be seen there, were coming to Humboldt Bay next morning. With World War I rumbling distantly in Europe, rumor had it that Eureka might even become a base for the strange new undersea warcraft.

Thick, cold fog poured in from the Pacific that night. It blanketed the redwood mills on the landlocked bay and obliterated the peninsular finger of sand that separated it from the booming sea, while 12,000 townspeople slept, never dreaming that, come morning, they would take part in the strangest submarine adventure in U.S. Navy annals.

The *H-3*, groping southward in the fog with its sisters, was America's newest type submersible, 150 feet long and with a 16-foot beam. In commission only 23 months, already she had proved a jinxed ship.

On her trial dive she had buried herself in the mud. Six months later, the mother ship had to drag her off a beach. On this cruise, she had jammed a rudder in Puget Sound; and two nights ago, leaving the Columbia River, her battery system had caught fire.

H-3 was limping on one engine, close inshore, as morning light sifted through the drenching fog. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A wireless station picked up the cruiser's message: "Keep off. You cannot help us now . . . "

town came awake to an eerie whistle tooting from the breakers. Feeble SOSs crackled to Table Bluff wireless station: *H-3* was foundering in the surf of Two Fathom Bank with 27 men and 8 live torpedoes tossing about inside her. Already gases were filling the boat.

Townsmen who had planned a gala welcome suddenly found themselves dashing, instead, across the bay to Samoa Beach to give aid. Up the peninsula on the dead run, dragging their surfboat and lifeline gun, came the Coast Guard crew of Samoa Lifesaving Station. Three miles they ran through the sand, led by Capt. Laurence Elleson.

The captain was appalled at the sight that confronted him. The submarine lay 200 yards offshore, tumbling like a tin of beans in the wild rollers which crashed and foamed for a mile out.

Shouting men, women and children, and barking dogs, came stumbling over the beach from all directions. The 5th Naval Militia arrived with six nurses, a doctor, pulmotors, stretchers, and stacks of blankets.

At Elleson's command, Coast Guardsman Werner Sweins manhandled the cannon into place, its muzzle dripping white line. Ole Torgerson laid out the breeches-buoy gear.

The sub now was 100 yards out, and a signalman's red flag wigwagged from the conning tower: "A-L-L A-L-I-V-E. T-W-O I-N-J-U-R-E-D. H-U-R-R-Y—G-A-S."

Captain Elleson bit his red mustache. "We'll get them off!" He bent to the cannon. With a flat report, line whistled out over the surf, but fell wide.

Elleson calmly reloaded and bent again. This time the line arched straight and fell across the conning tower. A sailor there made it fast; but the *H-3*, on her next roll, snapped the line.

"We row," Elleson announced.

Men familiar with the thundering surf shook their heads as eight Coast Guardsmen rolled the cart into the foam to their waists and clambered aboard the lifeboat. With Sweins, a big blond Norseman, balanced in the bow coiling rope over his arm, and Elleson stiff and straight at the tiller, the boat knifed through the first breaker and soared, oars akimbo, over the next. Up the side of another gushing roller it slid, then disappeared into white torrents of water beyond. Again it came up, buried itself in spray and emerged, turning toward the floundering submarine.

Sweins poised on the bow, clutching his rope, ready to leap. The watchers gasped. As the boat rose, he jumped, scrambled up the slippery hull somehow and grabbed the conning tower.

A roller buried the sub. When she emerged, Sweins was seen working to secure the breeches-buoy line. Elleson started the surfboat back toward shore, paying out line.

A great white comber curled over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sweins and the hull was bare. No, there he was, clinging to the line and pulling himself hand-over-hand up the wet hull.

At last, when he had rigged the tackle, Sweins signaled the men ashore to pull the ropes and bring in the first survivor.

Eager townsmen dug in and dragged the injured sailor through the water. Another man came shipping through the surf, then another and another until only Sweins and the commander were left.

It was one hour and fifteen minutes after the surfboat had been launched that the big Viking came ashore. He shook himself like a shaggy dog, refusing brandy or blankets. "Dat vater cold," he chuckled. "But she's been goot to me."

Last in was Lieut. Harry R. Bogusch, a respected submariner in his early twenties. He brushed aside the cheers, looked back at his sub. "It will be no job to empty her of water," he said. "Then we'll get a line out to the mother ship and pull her off."

Local fishermen, studying the pounding surf, did not agree. Nine hours had passed since the sub first grounded, and it had not stopped its shoreward crawl.

Next day, Elleson took his boat through the surf once more and Sweins rigged a towing tackle on the sub. A Coast Guard cutter and tug stood offshore, awaiting the line. But half a dozen attempts to float lines in from the tow vessels failed.

Local salvors said the best bet would be to put the sub on rollers, build a loggers' skid road over the peninsula, and refloat *H-3* inside the bay. However, on Monday, Lieut. Bogusch succeeded in getting a lifeboat through the surf with a line to the tug. Then a 10-inch hawser was worked out and the mother ship gave a mighty pull. It snapped the massive line without budging *H-3*, and almost drew the rescue ships into the surf.

Capt. Elleson watched grimly. "This time of year the currents set southerly off here," he volunteered. "Likely to put everything ashore."

The Navy, after consultation in San Francisco, called for civilian salvage bids. A Eureka company was low at $18,000, but the contract was not let.

Instead, on Sunday, January 7, 1917, the cruiser *Milwaukee* suddenly arrived. Flagship of the Pacific Coast Torpedo and Submarine Force, she was 426 feet, 6 inches long and, with ordnance and supplies, worth some $7,000,000.

Steaming at four knots with her 22,000 horsepower, Bogusch said, she would have *H-3* off in jig time. She put a boat over the side to carry a line ashore. It capsized, almost drowning ten men, but the line drifted in. Two other ships tied to the cruiser to help pull. Their first attempt moved the sub 18 inches.

WHEN EUREKANS went to bed Saturday night, January 13th, cruiser and sub were connected by 3,600 feet of steel cable. Shortly after midnight, with heavy fog drifting in, the surf commenced to boom over Two Fathom Bank. One of the cruiser's anchors snapped. Then a second. The other ships cleared out. When the third anchor went, the cruiser commander sent men to cut the big cable.

Suddenly the cruiser shuddered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as walls of water swung her broadside on. At 3:43 A.M. she was aground, 500 yards out, and the Table Bluff wireless station picked up her message: "Keep off. You cannot help us now." The clangor of "General Quarters" could be plainly heard on the beach, along which Capt. Elleson was already plunging with his crew.

At daylight, the *Milwaukee* loomed there in the fog like a newly-risen island. Live steam erupted from seams in her broken belly, men in life-jackets lined the decks as the relentless force of the sea pounded her steadily inshore, yards at a time.

At 10 A.M., Elleson fired his first line, but could not see if it hit. With half of Eureka's population watching, again he fired a rocket. The *Milwaukee's* whistle blared. In a matter of minutes the first breeches-buoy was swinging toward her. But even with every able-bodied Eureka man helping, it took five minutes to bring in each sailor. Only a handful were ashore after an hour of back-breaking work.

Elleson called for volunteers to man boats. Werner Sweins launched the surfboat. Bogusch and his submarine crew took another. A local pilot led a third. Each snatched six men from the cruiser at a time and careened ashore in torrents of foam. And at 8:15—17 hours after the *Milwaukee* struck—all 421 men and 17 officers were safely on dry land.

It was an unheard-of rescue feat. Not a man had been lost. But the *Milwaukee*, a proud flagship 48 hours before, was a total loss. Sweins ferried her paymaster out the next day to remove 100,000 gold dollars from her vaults.

Immediately the Navy activated the civilian bid to refloat *H-3.* And on April 20th, after building a cradle around her and a skid road over the dunes, she was refloated safely in the waters of Humboldt Bay.

H-3 sailed away behind a tug, was repaired at Mare Island and joined her sisters in the Pacific to fight with distinction through World War I. She eventually was decommissioned in 1930—probably the only submarine ever to take a trip overland.

Werner Sweins was feted for his individual heroism; and Capt. Elleson cited for his knowledge of surf and sea, which alone made possible the incredible feat of saving two ships' crews without a fatality. Lieut. Bogusch and other Navy officers were credited with accomplishing "difficult and dangerous tasks in . . . a very hazardous operation." And Eureka's entire population received the Navy's grateful: "Well done!"

The *Milwaukee* was turned over to wreckers. With the Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbor in December, 1941, there was a new need for steel. The old hulk was packed with dynamite and blown apart. Windows rattled along Humboldt Bay and Eurekans recalled the sad tale of a proud cruiser that went to the aid of a very small, but badly jinxed, submarine *H-3.*

OUR BUSINESS in life is not to get ahead of others, but to get ahead of ourselves. —STEWART B. JOHNSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED